

Read **SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S POISON BELT**

Scoops

STORIES of the WONDER-WORLD of TOMORROW



2^D
EVERY
THURSDAY

MAILS BY ROCKET *See Inside*

Britain Builds—

The GO-ANYWHERE Flying Boat



The Supermarine "Seagull" Mark V.—Britain's Latest Triumph of Aircraft Designing

BRITAIN'S latest air triumph is the Supermarine "Seagull," Mark V. An amphibian, it is the nearest approach to the complete flying machine yet. The "Seagull" can operate from an aerodrome, an aircraft carrier, an ordinary man-of-war which has a launching catapult, or a flying-boat base.

It has been designed with catapult launching in view and for that reason is tremendously strong, so that it can withstand the considerable stresses this type of launching involves.

Catapult launching enables the "Seagull" to be shot off from the deck of a carrier ship or from a cruiser, carry out an aerial patrol, and then either land on its wheels on the carrier's deck or else retract the wheels completely into wing recesses and land near the cruiser like an ordinary flying-boat. Then it can be hoisted by means of a crane on to the cruiser's deck.

Wherever it is used, the "Seagull" never needs much landing space, for its wings fold right back and allow it to be stored in the minimum of space.

Among the many other advantages this unique plane possesses is that its "pusher" propeller arrangement allows observation in the cabin to be carried on without the need of telephones; the propeller blades are high above the spray when taxiing on the water

and there is no danger of their striking members of the crew when the plane is picking up sea messengers.

Structural details are shown in the diagram below, and it is interesting to note how well this go-anywhere flying machine can look after itself by the provision of forward and after gun fittings in addition to a machine-gun on a special mounting.

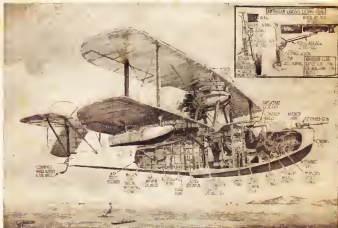
The use of a cushioned water rudder and tail wheel is quite in

accord with the "Seagull's" design as a land and sea plane, and it is also the only flying boat which can be hoisted by a crane.



keeping with the flying-boat characteristics of the machine.

How highly experts rate this new machine can be realized by the fact that Australia, wishing to build up her Air Force, has placed an order for no less than twenty-four "Seagulls," the value of which is over £200,000.



Aerial photograph of the Supermarine Seagull Mark V flying boat.

Sir Arthur CONAN DOYLE

The earth swims into a poison belt of ether, and from a hyper-oxygenated room in the home of Professor Challenger, the famous scientist,

A DIARY OF THE DYING

HOW strange the words look scribbled at the top of the empty page of my book! How strange still that it is I, Richard Malone, who has written them—I who started only some twelve hours ago from my room in Strathmore without one thought of the marvels which the day was to bring forth!

I look back at the chain of incidents, my interview with Mr. Arliss, Challenger's first note of alarm in the *Tower*, the absurd journey in the train, the pleasant luncheon, the catastrophe, and now it has come to this—that we flinger alone upon an empty planet, and so, sure is our fate that I can regard these lines, written from mechanical professional habit, and never to be seen by human eyes, as the words of one who is already dead, so closely does he stand to the shadow

forms of life, and what excited him at the present moment was that in the microscope while made up the day before he found the amoeba to be still alive.

"You can see it for yourself," he kept repeating, in great excitement. "Sumnerston, will you stir some and study yourself upon the point? Malone, will you kindly verify what I say?" The little speckle-shaped things in the centre are diatoms, and may be designated slugs; they are probably vegetable rather than animal. But at the right hand side you will see an unfossilized

"What was it matter whether the amoeba is alive or not?"

"It matters a great deal," said Challenger, gruffly.

"Well, let's hear about it," said Lord John, with a good measured snarl. "We may as well talk about that as anything else. If you think I've been too off-hand with the thing, or hurt its feelings in any way, I'll apologise."

"For my part," remarked Sumnerston, in his usually argumentative tone, "I can't see why you should attach such importance to the creature being alive. It is in the same atmosphere as ourselves, so naturally the poison does not act upon it. If it were outside of this moon it would be dead, like all other animal life."

"Your remarks, my good Sumnerston," said Challenger, with momentary consideration (as, if I could gain that overbearing, arrogant face in the vivid circle of reflection from the microscope mirror!), "your remarks show that you superficially appreciate the situation. This specimen was mounted yesterday and is beautifully

The POISON Belt

handled over which all outside this one little circle of friends have already gone.

I feel here sure and true were the words of Challenger when he said that the real tragedy would be if we were left behind when all that is noble and good and beautiful had passed. But of that there can surely be no danger. Already our revival tube of oxygen is drawing to an end. We can repeat the gas drag of our lives about to a minute.

We have just been treated to a lecture, a good lecture, as far as long, from Challenger, who was so excited that he roared and belched as if he were addressing his old rows of scientific specimens in the Queen's Hall. He had certainly a strange valiance to language; his wife politely suppressed and absolutely ignored of his manner. Sumnerston satiated in the shadow, quarrelled and criticised, but remained, Lord John lounging in a corner somewhat bored by the whole proceeding, and myself beside the window watching the scene with a kind of detached attention as if it were all a dream or something in which I had no personal interest whatever.

Challenger sat at the centre table with the electric light illuminating the slide under the microscope which he had brought from his dressing room. The small vivid circle of white light from the mirror left half of his rugged, bearded face in brilliant radiance and half in deeper shadow. He had, it seems, been working of late upon the latest

species, moving slightly across the field. The upper arrow is the fine adjustment. Look at it for yourself.

Sumnerston did so and murmured. So did I, and perceived a little creature which looked as if it were made of ground glass floating in a sticky way across the lighted circle. Lord John was prepared to take him to term.

"I'm not troubled any had whether he's alive or dead," said he. "We don't so much as know each other by sight, so why should I take it to heart? I don't suppose he's worried himself over the state of our health."

I laughed at this, and Challenger looked in my direction with his odd and odd supercilious stare. It was a most pitying expression.

The Repayee of the half-adjusted is some alternative to science than the civilization of the ignorant," said he. "If Lord John Ruxton would confederate—"

"My dear George, don't be so peevish," said his wife, with her hand on the black mass that dropped over the microscope.

asked. None of our oxygen can reach it. But the ether, of course, has penetrated to it, so to every other point upon the surface. Therefore it has survived the poison. Hence, we may argue that every amoeba outside this moon, instead of being dead, as you have erroneously stated, has really survived the catastrophe.

"Well, even now I don't feel backed to kindergarten about it," said Lord John. "What does it matter?"

"It just matters this, that the world is a living instead of a dead one. If you had the scientific imagination you would not yearn forward from this one fact, and you would see some few millions of years hence—a more pressing moment in the enormous flux of the ages—the whole world teeming once more with the animal and human life which will spring from this tiny spot. You have seen a picture film, where the flowers have swept, every tuft of grass, or plant from the surface of the earth and left only a blackened waste. You would think that it must be for ever dead. Yet the roots of growth have been left behind, and when you push the plate a few inches hence you can no longer tell where the blackness used to be. Hence, in this tiny venture, are the roots of growth of the animal world, and by its inherent development, and evolution, it will

Sleeping in a World of Death

awake in these rooms every trace of this inconspicuous crisis in which we are now so involved.

"Doesn't interest?" said Lord John, leaning across and looking through the microscope. "Every little sleep is a long one, but was among the least portraits. Got a fine big short-cut on him?"

"The dark object is his nostril," said Challenger, with the air of a man teaching letters to a boy.

"Well, we wouldn't feel lonely," said Lord John, laughing. "There's somebody here!"

"You mean to take it for granted," Challenger, said Nasomble. "That the object for which this world was created was that it should produce and sustain human life."

"Well, yes, and what object do you suggest?" asked Challenger, bending at the least hint of contradiction.

"Sometimes I think that it is only the mysterious consent of mankind which makes him think that all this stage was erected for him to strut upon."

"We cannot be dissatisfied about it, but at least without what you have ventured to call mysterious consent we can surely say that we are the highest thing in Nature."

"The highest at which we have acquaintance."

"Think, Mr. Green without saying." "Think of all the millions and possibly billions of years that the earth swung empty through space—or, if not empty, at least without a sign of thought of the human race. Think of it, nudged by the sun and scorched by the sun, and swept by the wind for three unnumbered ages. For only once out of billions of years, at a geological time gone. Why, then, should it be taken for granted that all this splendid preparation was for its benefit?"

"For whose, then—or for what?"

Nasomble shrugged his shoulders. "How can we tell? For some reason altogether beyond our comprehension—and man may have been a mere accident—a by-product evolved in the process. It is as if the sun upon the surface of the ocean imagined that the ocean was created in order to produce and sustain it, or as if some one calculated thought that the building was for even proper ordained residence."

I have noted down the very words of their argument, but now it depresses me a mere mere wrangle with such polyglottic—scientific jargon upon such side. It is no doubt a privilege to have two such brains discuss the highest questions, but as they are in perpetual disagreement, plus both the Lord John and I get little that is positive from the colloquy. They contradict each other and yet are left as they found us. Now the hubbub has ceased, and Challenger, still ignoring the scene of his microscope, is keeping up a continual low, deep, muffled, growl like the snore after a storm. Lord John looks over to me, and we look out together toward night.

There is a pale moon-room—the last room that human eyes will ever rest upon—and the stars are most brilliant. Even in the clear plains of the South America I have never seen them brighter. Suddenly the ethereal change has some effect upon light. The favored eye of Brighton is still blurring, and there is a very dark patch of matter in the center of it, which may mean trouble at Arcturus or Cadaverus, possibly even at Polaris. I sit and gaze and make an occasional note. The earth earth looks a dreamland of gentle beauty. Who would imagine it as the terrible Gogoltha shown with the bones of the human race? Suddenly I find myself laughing.

"Hallo, young fellow!" said Lord John, in surprise. "We would do with a job in these dark times. What was that?"

"I was thinking of all the great unnumbered questions," I answered, "the questions that we spent so much labor and thought over,

Think of Anglo-German cosmologies, for example—or the Persian Göl that my old grandfather so loved about. Whom would have guessed, when we passed and looked on, how they would be so eventually solved?"

We fall into silence again. I fancy that each of us is thinking of friends that have passed before. Mrs. Challenger is looking quietly and her husband is whispering to her. My mind turns to all the most solitary people, and I see each of them lying white and rigid as poor Austin does in the yard. There is Mr. Little, for example. I know exactly where he is, with his face upon his writing desk and his hand on his own forehead, just as I heard him fall. Remember, the elderly, hardy, vigorous he is lying upon the blue and red Turkey carpet which adorned his sanctum. And the fellows in the reporters' coats—Macdonald and Murray and Reed. They had certainly died hard at work on their job, with note books full of

work and impressions and strange happenings in their heads. I could just imagine how this one would have been picked out to do the doctors, and that other to Westminster, and yet a third to St. Paul's. What glorious rows of head-ones they must have been as a last vision beautiful, never destined to interfere in printer's ink. I could see Macdonald among the doctors—"Hope to find Henry Street—Mac had always a weak point for observation."

Interference with Mr. Selig Wilson, "Famous Specialist again."

"Never despair!"

"Our Special Correspondent found the scientist seated upon the roof, whether he had to descend to assist the crowd of worried patients who had stormed his dwelling. With a manner which plainly showed his appreciation of the immense gravity of the occasion, the celebrated physician refused to admit that every source of hope had been closed."

That's how Mac would stay—There there was Reed, he would probably do St. Paul's. He touched his own literary touch. My mind, what a shame for him! "Standing in the little gallery under the dome, and looking down upon that packed mass of despairing humanity, gazing at the last instant before death, faces which they had so unconsciously ignored, there rose to my eyes from the sleeping crowd such a low glow of humanity and terror, such a shuddering cry for help to the unknown, that—" and so forth.

Yes, it would be a great and firm reporter, though like myself, he would see with the tremor of his mind. What would Reed see, even, poor chap, in the "A. H. B." at the foot of a column like that?"

But what devil I am writing. It is just an attempt to pass the weary time. Mrs. Challenger has gone to the rear dressing-room, and the Professor says that she is asleep. He is making notes and reaching books at the central table, as calmly as if years of placed work lay before him.

And now, poor chap, in his chair, and given from time to time a peculiarly unexpected note. Lord John has been with his hands in his pockets and his eyes closed.

How people can sleep under such conditions is more than I can imagine.

There—there is it. I have just awakened with a start. It was five minutes past eleven when I made my last entry. I remember standing up my watch and noting the time. So I have waited some five hours out of the little moon still left to us. Who would have believed it possible? But I feel very much fatter, and ready for my last—let me try to persuade myself that I am. And yet, the fever, the heat, and the higher the tide of life, the more must he shrink from death. How was and how beautiful is that provision of Nature by which her earthly order is usually honored by many little imperceptible steps, until her consciousness has faded out of its miserable earthly habitation into the great sea beyond.

Mrs. Challenger is still in the dressing-room. Challenger has fallen asleep in his



chair. What a picture! His enormous frame leans back, his legs, heavy limbs are clamped across his waistcoat, and his head is so tilted that I can see nothing above his collar save a tangled tangle of hair and beard. He shakes with the vibration of his own snoring. Sometimes while his occasional high notes in the Professor's ears. Lord John is sleeping also, his head body tucked up sideways in a basket-chair. The first cold light of dawn is just stealing into the room and everything is grey and mournful.

I look out at the sunrise—that fatal sunrise which will show upon an unpopulated world. The human race is gone, extinguished in a day, but the planets swing round and the stars rise as full, and the wind whistles, and all Nature goes her way, even as it would seem, in the very minute, with not a sign that he who styled himself the lord of creation had ever blessed or cursed the universe with his presence. Down on the green law beneath with snowing fields, we face glimmering white in the dawn and the face-walls still projecting from his dead head. The whole of human kind is typified in that one half-brother and half-partner. Again, lying so helpless hands the machine which it used to control.

The World Clears the Poison Belt

Here and the notes which I made at the time. Hereafter events were too vivid and too poignant to allow me to write, but they are so clearly etched in my memory that my hand could scarce fail.

Some challenges in my throat made me look at the oxygen cylinders, and I was startled at what I saw. The heads of our lungs were hanging very low. At some period in the night Challenger had switched the tube from the third to the fourth cylinder. Now it was clear that this also was nearly exhausted. That horrible feeling of constriction was driving its upon me. I ran across and, unscrewing the nozzle, I changed it to our last supply. Knew as I did so my conscience pained me, for I felt that perhaps if I had held up both all of them might have passed in their sleep. The thought was banished—never, by the voice of the lady from the lower room, crying:

"George, George, I am stifling!"

"It is all right, Mrs. Challenger," I answered, as the others started in their fear. "I have just turned on a fresh supply."

Even at such a moment I could not help smiling at Challenger, who, with a good, hearty but in such eyes, was like a huge, bearded lady, nearly undressed out of sleep. Sometimes she was shining like a man with the eyes, sometimes like a woman with the face.



"into the hands of the Power that made us, we render ourselves again!" he shouted in the voice of thunder, and at the words he buried the field-glass through the window.

Looking for an instant above the shoulders of the man of science, Lord John, however, was moved and shut as if he had just been raised on a burning marriage.

"Fifteen and forty," said he, glancing at the tube. "Big, young fellow, don't tell me you've been using up your impressions on your report at your home."

Well, I don't believe anyone but an Englishman would have done that. I expect you'll have to eat till little leather stomach gets grown up before you'll find a reader. He doesn't seem to take much stock of things just at present. Well, Mrs. Professor, what are the prospects?"

Challenger was looking out at the great drops of morning mist which lay over the landscape. Here and there the wooded hills rose like small islands out of the watery sea.

"It might be a winding sheet," said Mrs. Challenger, who had entered in her dressing-gown. "There's that ring of yours, George. Bring out the old, ring in the new." It was prophetic. But you are dissenting, my poor dear friends. I have been twice taken a comical ail right, and you told in your claim. But I'll soon set you right."

The brave little creature hurried away, and presently we heard the creaking of a kettle. She was back now with two steaming cups of cocoa upon a tray.

"Drink these," said she. "You will feel so much better."

And we did. Sumner asked if he might light his pipe, and we all had cigarettes. In studied our nerves. I think, but it was a mistake, for it made a dreadful atmosphere in that stuffy room. Challenger had to open the window.

"How long, Challenger?" asked Lord John.

"Probably three hours," he answered, with a shiver.

"I used to be frightened," said his wife. "But the more I got to, the calmer it seems. Don't you think we ought to pray, George?"

"You will pray, then, if you wish," the big man answered very gently. "We all

stumble out," said Lord John. "What are you, young fellow?"

"I was working at a leak of nerves," I answered.

Well, the world has changed that, my love," said Lord John. "There's always compensation somewhere if you grasp around."

"What about you?" I asked.

"Well, a just as I suppose that I was tried up and ready. I'd possessed myself to go to Tibet for a snow-land in the spring. But it's hard on you, Mrs. Challenger, when you have just built up that plan, isn't it?"

"Where George is, there is my home. But, oh, what would I not give for the last walk together in the fresh morning air upon those beautiful downs!"

Our hearts re-echoed her words. The sea had burst through the gauzy mist which veiled it, and the whole broad World was washed in golden light. Stepping in our dark and poisonous atmosphere, that glorious, clear, wind-swept country-side seemed a very dream of beauty. Mrs. Challenger laid her hands stretched out to it in her longing. We drew up chairs and sat in a semi-circle at the window. The atmosphere was already very clear. It seemed to me that the shadows of death were chasing in upon us—the last of our race. It was like an invincible curtain closing down upon every life.

"That cylinder is not, isn't it, well?" said Lord John, with a long gasp for breath.

"The amount contained is valuable," said Challenger, "depending upon the pressure and care with which it has been bottled. I am inclined to agree with you, Herbert, that this one is valuable."

"So we are to be shut out of the last hour of our lives," Sumner remarked bitterly. "An excellent final illustration of the world as it is which we have lived. Well, Challenger, work in your time if you wish to study the subjective phenomena of physical dissolution."

"Set on the stool at my knee and give me your hand," said Challenger to his wife. "I think, my friends, that a further delay in this terrible atmosphere is hardly advisable. You would not desire it, dear, would you?" His wife gave a little groan and such her face against his leg.

"I've seen the folk battle" in the Serpentine in winter," said Lord John. "When the rest are in, you see one in two drowned on the bank, strylin' the others that have taken the plunge. It's the last that have the most of it. I'm all for a bender and have done with it."

"You would open the window and face the other?"

"Better be poisoned than stifled."

Sumner nodded his reluctant assent, and held out his thin hand to Challenger.

"We've had our quarrels in our time, but that's all over," said he. "We were good friends and had a respect for each other under the surface. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, young fellow!" said Lord John. "The window's ghastly up. You can't open it."

Challenger stamped and raised his wife, pressing her to his breast, while she threw her arms round his neck.

"Give me that field-glass, please," said he, quickly. I needed it to look.

Into the landscape the Power that made us was looking, crowded again. He showed us his voice of thunder, and at the words he buried the field-glass through the window.

Fall in our finished form, before the last flicker of falling fragments had died away, there came the wilderness breath of the wind, blowing strong and sweet.

I don't know how long we sat in amazed silence. Then, as in a dream, I heard Challenger's voice once more.

"We are back in normal conditions," he cried. "The world has cleared the poison belt, but we share of all mankind are saved."

(To be continued)

The Accelerator

* A SCIENTIST GOES SLOW

DR. JAY and Farrow were not friends, although they shared the same house, and used the same laboratory for experiments, had been at the University of Hamshire at the same time, and had received their doctorates of science on the same day.

Occasionally, actually, they seemed friends. But John Jay was domineering and cold, and that apparently mild and polite man, Dr. Ernest Farrow, was secretly extremely jealous of him.

Therefore when, one morning, Dr. Farrow heard a tinkle of falling glass from the laboratory, he secretly hoped that Dr. Jay had upset a carboy of acid upon himself!

For during the last few days Jay had been almost unbearable with his continual boasting. He had talked grandly of some important discovery he was on the point of making. And Farrow feared he might be right—that day, whose material he had always despised, might have vanished on some chance discovery before Farrow could lay claim to it. Farrow was the new form of electric glass on which he was working.

Recently he decided to go and see what had happened to Jay. He opened the laboratory door.

An amazing sight met his eyes!

Jay was standing in the middle of the room on one leg. His eyes were fixed on Farrow, but Farrow had an uneasy feeling that Jay couldn't see him. When he moved forward, Jay's eyes did not follow him. They remained staring at the doorway.

At first Farrow thought that the hairy monster was outwitted. But after a time he realized that Jay was moving!

Jay was very slowly putting one leg down. Yet after ten minutes had passed, his last was still hovering above the floor. It was waving—like a slow motion film.

The most horrible thing was the noise Jay was making. It was like a gramophone record when it runs down. Jay's normally high tones had become gruff, so gruff that Farrow could hardly recognize the queer sound as a human voice. He couldn't understand a word, although Jay was speaking so for several minutes.

He went across now. He peered in the man's face. Jay seemed to be trying to knowledge of Farrow's presence, except that his eyes had now slipped from the door to the place where Farrow had been standing for the last few minutes. Farrow had his hand on Jay's shoulder.

"Hi, Jay," he shouted. "What is it? Put yourself together! Can't you hear me?"

He shook Jay's shoulder violently.

Instantly Jay sagged over and fell on the floor. His legs were in a grotesque, stiff pose, one leg up in the air, one arm doubled behind his back.

Then, rack by rack, as if he were a jelly mould of a man, he began to extrude on the floor, his legs moving so slowly in the manner of a clock.

Farrow felt Jay's pulse and listened for heart beats. There was no pulse and not the trace of a heart beat. He placed his hand on Jay's chest. The man did not appear to be breathing. Yet all the time his eyes slowly moved. Jay was alive all right.

Farrow was baffled. He went downstairs for some old books. The man appeared to be in some kind of cataleptic fit. But Farrow had never heard of one which affected a man like this. It was lucky that when it came on, Jay had dropped a letter of glass

on to the ground. This was the ticking sound he had heard, which had brought him to the laboratory.

It was quite ten minutes before he found the drop. When he returned, Jay had somehow or other risen to his feet. What was more surprising, he had apparently recovered sufficiently to have put hold of a pencil and paper. He was clutching the pencil in his right hand and clutching the paper firmly in his left. But he seemed to have returned to his room. He still had no pulse beat and did not appear to be breathing.

Farrow glanced down at the paper and gave a gasp. Jay had written the letter "E".

By this time Farrow's curiosity was aroused. Instead of going for a doctor, he waited. Minutes passed, and Jay did not appear to have budged from his stiff position. Yet when Farrow went up to him, he saw that the letter "E" had been added to the "L".

All living things have their being and grow at a certain molecular rate or progress, kept by special treatment, such as dieting, increased heat or radiological influence, can this rate be slowed or quickened? What, then, is changing the electronic vibrations of the living organism, slower or faster or disorganize the rate of living and being? It is an amazing possibility, but the subject, in the line heads of Mr. Sprigg, makes an amazingly interesting study.

By C. St. John SPRIGG

"He's alive, all right!" muttered Farrow. "What can be the matter with him? He must be moving of late, but too slowly to be seen, like a plant growing!"

The thing was going on his nerves. He went away for half an hour, and when he returned the message was complete. Jay's head was suspended in mid-air, holding up the paper.

The message read—
"If that's you, Farrow, read, Farrow, for Farrow's sake after out and from me to pass this experiment in grace!"

Farrow was staggered when he read this extraordinary communication. Jay was conscious then. Yet why did he say "if that's you, Farrow"? Couldn't he see him?

"All right, if that's what he wants, I'll leave him," said Farrow angrily to himself.

From that time he was back into the room. From that time he was back into the room, although he never seemed to have moved. It was amazing. Farrow felt a cold shiver go up and down his spine.

"I might as well be staying in the house with a corpse," he muttered.

At ten o'clock that night he went to see for the last time. And then he found Jay sitting in a chair behaving perfectly normally! He was smoking and seemed very pleased with himself.

"What have you been up to?" asked Farrow, accompanied beyond endurance by Jay's casual greeting.

Jay looked up at the ghostly figure of his acquaintance and beamed.

"I've found it! The greatest discovery of the age. Congratulations!"

"What have you found?" enquired Farrow, with a renewed fear in his heart that Jay might have tripped over his toes.

"I have found this accelerator ray!" answered Jay proudly.

"What on earth is that?"

"Simply a ray which alters the electronic vibrations of a system until they correspond with the vibrations of the ray. The vibrations of the ray itself can be varied up or down like the wavelength of a wireless set. The result is that I can slow down or speed up the vibrations of any material thing."

"I still don't follow. What do all these vibrations do?" commented Farrow loudly.

"Well, you are, the ray in question. I myself looked in the ray after setting it to a very low wavelength, until eventually, my system was tuned down to vibrations one hundredth of the normal. As a result I almost stood still for me. My hair was a hundred times slower than normally true. I was by the clock that it is ten hours since this happened. But to me the time elapsed seems a few minutes. Oddly enough, my watch, which was in my waistcoat pocket, gave the same. Its rate of existence was slowed down also when I looked in the ray."

Farrow had an incredulous look on his pinched face.

"Why didn't you take any notice of me when I came in?"

Jay laughed.

"You were moving far too quickly to be seen! I saw you just appear for a moment at the door. Actually, you would have stood there for quite a long time. But you seemed to appear for just a moment, like a flash of lightning. You disappeared again. I saw something streaking vaguely round the room. I heard a queer, low hiss which was really your voice. To my slower senses it sounded of a much higher wavelength. You were talking a hundred times too fast. I was talking a hundred times too slow."

"I certainly couldn't understand you!"

"Suddenly something pricked my shoulder so sharply that I fell over. After that I heard noises all over the room. I was so astonished by these that I wrote a message asking you to leave."

"That sounds all right. But it might be the effect of a drug. Let's see your ray work the other way. Speed something up."

"Certainly," answered Jay. "Put your watch on the table."

Farrow did so. Then Jay put a hand over himself. It had a slow express, his wrist set up a bench on which stood a neat black box with a control reflector. There were several knobs on the side. Jay pointed the reflector at the watch.

"Is it necessary to focus the ray on the object?" asked Farrow.

"It is to begin with. Afterwards, when the electrons are vibrating at their new rate, they will go on at the same rate so long as the ray is striking out vibrations at that wavelength or on the other, whether they are actually in the ray path or not."

Jay pulled over a stool and there was a faint shining cone from the black box. The control reflector glowed with a silver light almost as brilliant as a magnesium flare. Jay slowly revolved a large quartz knob at the side and before Farrow's astonished eyes the hands of the watch moved to more faster.

"Dearest," he said, "I paid twenty guineas for that watch!"

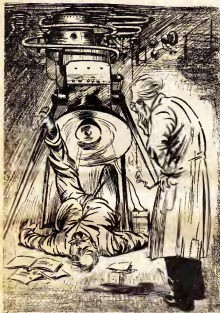
"Well, you'd better take it back," laughed Jay. "It's gained ten minutes already!"

"It's certainly speeded it up," admitted Farrow reluctantly. "But this is really a dead mechanism. Can you do the same to the soul or vegetable matter?"

"In fact," answered Jay cautiously, "You came out to the garden with me to see it."

RAY

A Strange Story of
an Amazing Ex-
periment in Elec-
tronic Vibration



Under the very influence of the ray Dr. Jay lay in a groove as still as a stone, with one leg up in the air. Dr. Farrow looked down at him in amazed alarm.

★ SPEEDING UP LIFE

NEXT day the two scientists went out into the garden. Here, in a small shed, Jay had a chicken run. He had been using it, chickens for experiments.

As he picked up an egg over which a hen had just stopped cackling.

Here's the ideal subject," he said. "I'll put it in the incubator and turn the revolution on it."

Jay soon had his black ray box in position. "Now for the vegetable!" he said.

He took an onion from his pocket and placed it in a small hole in the ground, just in front of the incubator and well in the ray's beam. He adjusted the still lighter cone so as to prevent the ray's vibrations from penetrating it right to the end.

"See how simple it is!" chuckled Jay. "Now I've got these two organisms in the ray's beam. I merely turn this tuning knob and normal is the thing. There! The egg

and the hen are now living about a hundred times as fast as we are."

"Look at that egg!" exclaimed Farrow, startled.

The incubator had been suddenly sliding along the ground until it entered the path of the ray. Instantly it began to hurry, until presently it was darting across the garden at the speed of a motor car. The dust flew after it in a cloud. Soon it shot out of the beam and almost immediately reversed its motion much as if nothing had happened.

"The small chick's step is the hen's, long enough for an electron to start vibrating steadily at the higher speed," explained Jay. "That's why the effect passed off at once."

They returned a few hours later. To Farrow's amazement, the chicken had started to slip its way through the shell and already the first green shoot of the oak plant was perceptible above the surface of the effect and

Jay let the chicken out into the ground.

He carefully forced in the patch covered by the ray's beam to keep the chicken in it.

The chicken wiggled about as its legs for a moment. Then it began to dart about like a wasp, uttering a continuous chirping sound. It moved as fast as iron that it could hardly be seen.

But after a minute or two it lay down, and gave every symptom of dying.

"Of course. Food that I eat!" roared the creature. "It wants feeding. It will eat a hundred times as often as a normal chicken. And I must water the oak plant too, so it will die."

Jay put down a large pail of water for the chicken. By the evening it had disappeared.

As fast as he watered the oak plant it seemed to soak the moisture up. It was sucking and spreading like a sponge. Eventually he piled a heap of fertilizer round it and arranged a line to send a trickle of water steadily through the pipe.

By the next day there could be no doubt as to the success of the accelerated ray. The chicken had consumed enormous quantities of food. Already it was beginning to assume the plumage of a cockerel. The oak plant was now a young sapling, a foot high, with clearly defined oak leaves.

"This invention will revolutionize the world!" boasted Jay triumphantly. "A few of a few acres will be able to produce enormous quantities of crops. Why, it's a few high buildings, you could grow enough to feed a town. The crops could be grown in shelves, covered with earth and fertilizer, and arranged in them of a hundred or so deep. You could arrange for a fresh crop of vegetables daily."

"It will be just the same with stock raising. A chicken ought to be ready for table in two days and a pig in a week. England will become self-sustaining. In fact it may start exporting agricultural produce! Every one could give enough flowers and vegetables to his family in a few weeks' time as on his roof."

Farrow nodded gloomily. It was quite true.

"Why," said Jay, "think of its application to human beings! Hard-working business men could even take sleep into an hour."

Farrow also could visualize countless applications. He writhed with envy. To think that this last method had been scratched (it must have been pure accident) on the instant discovery of the ray!

"Tomorrow," planned Jay, "I shall describe my invention before the Royal Society after the conference. I shall become the most famous man in the world!"

If he had used the word of *ray* on Farrow's usually mild face, he might have been surprised. But Jay could never believe that anyone would not be delighted at his success. Like many scientists, he was simple in some ways.

When Jay returned to the laboratory that evening he gave an exhibition of horror. The acceleration ray box had gone! It had been standing on a table at the corner, and Jay distinctly remembered locking the door. But now it had disappeared!

Almost at the same moment Farrow, concealed in a cupboard whose door was provided with a small hole, focused the microscope on Jay so he could watch, and started the quartz tuning knob.

Consumed with jealousy of the scientist's achievement, he had decided to dispose of Jay and claim the invention as his own. The setting of the Royal Society at which Jay was to speak would give him his opportunity. His method of "disposal" was vengeance. He was going to send Jay's life down with the creature was dead! It was a novel method of murder. No one would ever guess how it was done.

He rotated the knob until it was at maximum strength.

Instantly Jay's figure throbbed and dis-

★THE INVISIBLE BENEFACTOR

MEANWHILE extraordinary things were happening in England. They involved thousands of persons of the existence of supernatural and invisible beings.

A London bank clerk saw the face of the bank open and close open very quickly. For a moment he could later never be sure a shadowy Mar on the threshold. Then he decided it was imagination.

But the next moment something amazing happened. The drawer containing the cash shut open and closed again so quickly that he saw nothing but a flash and heard a quick rattling noise. A split second later the door of the bank opened and closed again. The time he felt certain he saw a shadow in the doorway.

The whole thing had taken only a second, but when he went to the drawer he found the cash had gone. Instead was a note in neat handwriting—

For further information please apply to Dr. Farrow. He is staying at Jones's Hotel, Kensington.

The bank authorities were astonished to find that on one morning this occurred at no fewer than ten banks in London, involving a total loss of more than £50,000. In some cases several drawers were cleaned out.

Needless to say, the police called on Dr. Farrow. He had no explanation to give, but he looked extremely frightened. Still, when they insisted into his apartment they found he was really seeing his banknotes when the rubbers were removed.

The next caution to him—and one which many people considered must be concerted

in some way with the others—was that on one quarter of the East End no fewer than a thousand jewelry-making families found a parcel of £50 in cash thrust into their letter-boxes. Each parcel contained a little note: "Please thank Dr. Farrow."

The odd thing, according to the police, was that hardly any of people took these jewels supplied in delivering the money, for the parcels arrived almost simultaneously. Yet no one was seen with a parcel of the kind anywhere in the neighborhood.

The idea seemed to be epidemic. Within an hour of the London incidents, places as far apart as Liverpool, Brighton and Glasgow reported wholesale bank robberies and robberies of insurance companies—even of large manufacturing companies.

At the same time hundreds of thousands of poor people were gratified by receiving money gifts, made of which amounted £200.

Indeed, it was calculated that more money was distributed in this way in a few hours than all the philanthropic institutions were accustomed to receive in the course of a year. Although also benefited by the shower of money, those of such service to agriculture were not. Some were found lying along the roads, none in the secretary's office.

It was quite obvious to the police that the stolen money was being redistributed in this way. But as it was all in the form of other, securities and Treasury notes of small denominations, it was impossible to trace it. So the poor people and the hospitals kept it and rejoiced at their fortune.

It was one to record all the apparently supernatural happenings which took place in England on that amazing day, it would take an eternity to describe. The whole has been written down, and has lately found its natural papers.

Several people were watched from under the wheels of traffic by an apparently invisible hand.

A racing car driver was lifted out of his car when it was travelling at 150 m.p.h., and gently deposited beside the track, after the steering had failed and the car was travelling straight for the edge of the banking over which it promptly slid.

Various landladies hearing up knocking noises at night, on a rainy night, were astonished to find themselves being positively protected by an apparently invisible assistant.

Perhaps the most remarkable event occurred early in the afternoon at the House of Commons. The "Ade" was being discussed, and, as usual, the Members were arguing at great length but with little result. Suddenly the speaker gave a cry of alarm.

The noise had disappeared! The next moment it was seen fluttering among the benches and into the Visitors' Gallery.

"Look at that wall," yelled an anti-trunk Member.

Some invisible hand was writing on the wall on each side of the Speaker's Chair. The entire sentence appeared almost simultaneously.

"WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING PRACTICAL INSTEAD OF JUST TALKING?"

The Leader of the Opposition moved that the supernatural writing was a vote of censure on the Government, which ought to resign. The Prime Minister, however, who passed the House next day, to give time for the matter to be investigated.

Meanwhile, Dr. Farrow's demonstration before the Royal Society, began. Fortunately he knew the assistant Secretary, at the meeting, so that he had been able to arrange for his demonstration to be included in the programme instead of that of day's. Both men were known to the Committee of the Society, and as day had given no inkling of the nature of his discovery, no surprise was likely to attach to Farrow.

The distinguished scientist seemed to have patiently while he explained the possibilities

appeared. Panic-stricken, Farrow glanced again at the apparatus. With horror he realized that instead of passing the book to show he had turned it to find—to the members!

Jay had begun to live so fast that it was impossible to follow his movements. He had simply disappeared!

Farrow waited in terror. For a few seconds he hearduffling noise. Then there was an ominous silence.

What ought he to do, he wondered thoughtfully. Jay was somewhere around. If he found Farrow he would take a terrible vengeance. Even if Farrow had not succeeded in smothering him, he had admitted him out of the human world.

Then Farrow remembered that a few minutes of his time were now equal to several days in Jay's life. Therefore, if he waited to his cupboard until daylight, Jay would be in a position to have closed it off, for by that time nearly a year of Jay's life would have elapsed.

Five hours later Farrow crept cautiously out of his hiding place. Nothing happened.

Farrow threw all his things onto a bench and moved to a hotel. He ought to be safe from day three. In fact, the secret would probably be dead of old age by the time Farrow had delivered his lecture to the Royal Society.

As this occurred to him, Farrow, checked and rubbed his hands. After all, he had been chosen. He had got rid of Jay just as directly as if he had sloughed his existence down to nothing. It would be perfectly safe for him to claim to be the ancestor of the wonderful age but!



A Weekly Up-to-the-minute News Column on Man's New Planetary

By P. E. CLEATOR

(President of the British Inter-Planetary Society)

Professor A. M. Low and the B.I.S.

IT is with great pleasure that I am able to announce that Professor A. M. Low, D.Sc., who is well known to Science readers—has become the British Inter-Planetary Society by becoming a Fellow.

This famous British scientist has devoted many years to a study of the problems of rocketry. He has very generously put on an vast knowledge on the subject at the disposal of the Society.

A German Rocket—In England

AT the time of writing I am in the terrible position of possessing information of extreme interest which I am not at liberty to discuss. But by the time that this appears in print the need for secrecy will be over.

The fact is that I have just received a most interesting letter from Mr. Werner A. Fiedt (who is a member of the British Inter-Planetary Society), one of the committee members of the International Air Line, a valuable. This revelation will be, as they the time you read this—were held at the International Hall, London from May 7 to May 12.

All methods of letter transport were represented—including rockets. The rocket exhibited was one of Hans Gerhard Guder's, a well-known German experimenter.

Reverting once again to the time of writing, I have been requested to communicate with Hans Zacher in order to arrange to meet him when he comes to London for the exhibition. For it has been suggested that

the British Inter-Planetary Society should arrange to show Hans Zacher's rocket in England!

It is too early for me to say now whether this can be arranged. Apart from the question of expense, a suitable ground for the demonstration—possibly would be open to the public—will need to be found.

However, I am communicating with Hans Zacher, and if the "Ade" can be arranged, the first rocket to reach London will be Hans Zacher's, and will come in amazing style.

A Station in Space

I HAVE received from Ing. Guido Prager, who is a leading member of the Österreichischer Gesellschaft für Raketen-technik (Austrian Society for the Technique of Rocketry), some interesting details of a space station which has been proposed by him.

By means of this space station a journey to the Moon or the planets would be made very much easier.

It is well known that the comparative weakness of our present rocket fuels is one of the greatest of the problems which hinder the achievement of Inter-Planetary travel.

Calculations show that a rocket ship departing directly from Earth would, in order to reach outer space, expend three thousand times the amount of energy required for a similar departure from the space station suggested by Ing. Prager.

But is the idea feasible? Will the problem of the construction of the space station be more in advance than the fuel problem itself? Ing. Prager answers both questions affirmatively.

I cannot go into details of the construction of the station here. Briefly, it would be built in space itself, and not on earth. The necessary materials would be taken up, three tons at a time, by rocket ships. When completed, the station would sufficiently describe an orbit round the earth, just like a wireless antenna. At a height of 500 miles and travelling with a speed of 4½ miles a second, it would not fall to earth any more than the moon does.

And the cost? Ing. Prager says about two million pounds. But if it could be done, it would be worth it.

A Scientist Disappears

of the accelerator ray. But there were moments of doubt at the finish.

"But," shouted Professor Sir Lawrence, answering nobly.

At that moment a remarkable thing happened. The door opened, and Dr. Farrow was dragged through it at such a speed that he simply streaked through the air. With him went his accelerator ray beam!

Meanwhile old George had started to happen again. This time they occurred on the conditions of the enormous clock of St. Hippolyte, which was being built at Chatham.

The foreman and his men had not done to tea, and when they returned they found that in the few minutes of their absence a large part of the foundation had been newly

beheaded. It represented about five hours' hard work. Yet it had been done in an easy manner.

The foreman scratched his head.

"Crazy!" he murmured. "Happles!" That seemed to be the only possible explanation. There was all the work, done for them, in the twinkling of an eye!

The foreman went out the door to quarrel with magic handwork. He left it.

If he had been able to see through the blackwork he would have had the shock of his life. Lying in the small room formed by the space between the walls of the foundation was Dr. Farrow, apparently sleeping, with a box of matches in his pocket, a note pinned to his chest, and some dynamite in his hand!

★ LIVING DEATH

THE proceedings of the Society had been distributed by the abrupt disappearance of Farrow. But before the Fellows had time to discuss it, a man walked in.

Professor Sir Lawrence recognized him. It was his old pupil, George Jay. But he looked twenty years older!

"Hello, Jay, where have you sprung from?" he exclaimed. "Perhaps you can throw some light on our mystery. You were down to give a demonstration of a new secret discovery of yours. But you didn't show up, and your case was given instead to Dr. Farrow to demonstrate what he called an accelerator ray."



A ray of silver light shot out from the centre of the conical reflector. The hands of the watch began visibly to move faster before Dr. Farrow's astonished eyes.

"After explaining some absurd and impossible theory, he shot out of the door like a streak of lightning. Really, I thought I was seeing things for a moment. As he is a friend of yours, perhaps you can explain it to me. But that matter you don't look well yourself!"

Jay nodded.

"I can explain it. The accelerator ray was my invention. I showed it to Farrow late last night he got hold of it and turned it on me, speeding up my reactions several hundred times. I walked round the laboratory for a few hours, but could not see him anywhere. Then I wondered of—

"You will not believe what I am going to tell you, but it is the sober truth. I found myself walking through streets full of stationary cars and human beings! It was an amazing sight. I was living at such a speed, you see, that even a car traveling at full speed seemed like a clock hand—moving so slowly as to be practically stationary.

"At first I was full of anger when I realized what had happened. Then after reflection I realized what a magnificent opportunity it was to lead a totally different kind of life. No one could stop me. The whole world was at my mercy.

"I simply cannot recall all that I did. I amused myself for a part of the time by redistributing the wealth of the country along more scientific lines. I also helped several people in difficulties and saved, I am sure, a good many lives. I went into

Parliament and was so furious with one of those pointless debates that I was unable to restrain from a rather childish rebuke.

"You must remember that all these little jobs only took up a comparatively small part of my time. Most of it was spent in observing the wonders of nature at my new speed of living. I have observed enough new information about the nature of light and motion to write a revolutionary science.

"In the course of this time I have walked all over England and have explored every corner of it. I soon got used to being completely alone in my high speed world. But at last, after what seemed to me to be twenty years, I decided to return to normal life again. My own watch had needed winding 4,000 times and so confirmed my estimate of the time elapsed. On the other hand the sun had only risen once, and the street clocks showed me that only eighteen hours had elapsed in earthly time since my acceleration. It was, in fact, time for the Royal Society's lecture. I walked to late and, as I expected, found Farrow demonstrating my invention."

Jay walked to a chair, sat down, and leaned on his extended neck.

Mr. Lawrence stared at him with protruding eyes.

"But this story is impossible. Quite incredible!"

"I don't expect you to believe it," answered Jay quietly. "If you did, I should be liable to be charged with delirium,

if not worse. But at no party in the country would believe my story. I am quite safe."

Mr. Lawrence stopped his head. "All the same, while I have not the slightest faith in this such-and-such story, I should like to know what has happened to poor Farrow. His disappearance was most extraordinary. And look here, if you are living so fast, why can we see and hear you now?"

"My rate of living has returned to normal," replied Jay. "As for Farrow, you will not believe me, but this is what happened. He is quite safe and alive. I have him on display, although he tried to kill me."

"So when I seized him just now, I carried him off to my laboratory and tied him up. Things happened to him so quickly that he was too startled to struggle much! Then I made a second accelerator ray box. I used this ray box to slow down Farrow's reactions, while the original ray box maintained my own reactions at high speed.

"I then took him to a certain building and placed him in a room. There I walked him up. It is a building of a type where he is most unlikely to be disturbed for several hundred years. After I had completed this task, I destroyed the ray box which had originally speeded me up, and then of course I rapidly returned to normal."

The Professor exploded.

"I don't believe you! Utter nonsense! But if I did believe you, what you have done amounts to murder!"

"Not at all," answered Jay cheerfully. "Farrow is in full possession of his faculties. As soon as I left him, he will have begun to feel his pocket for a box of matches. When he strikes them, he will find a note which I have written on suitable carbon durable paper. This note will explain that he must turn off the ray box, which is placed by his side, in order to return to normal. No doubt he will do so at once. In the same note I tell him that if I have been forced to walk him in, he will have to blow his way out. I have provided him with dynamite for this purpose. He should have no difficulty therefore in making his way to the outer world."

Jay began to rise with laughter. At last he restrained himself.

"The only odd thing about it," he explained, shaking with laughter, "is that, owing to the slow rate at which he is living, it will take him roughly two hundred of our years to read my note and switch off the ray. Of course, to him it will only seem a couple of minutes, but in our time it will be two centuries. Having switched off the ray, he will regain his normal vibrations and start to make his way out to the world. What a surprise for him when he finds that the world has moved on two centuries! I envy him the experience!"

No one believed Jay's story, particularly as he refused to demonstrate the amazing properties of the much-slowed ray. He accused himself on the grounds that it was too dangerous a gift for mankind, and that he had decided to destroy the notes of his work upon it.

But the fact remains that they never found a trace of Mr. Farrow.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Farrow is still living at the foundations of St. Hippolyte's Church, under the corner of the East Wing. At the moment his head is half-way into his pocket reaching for the box of matches. In another ten years or so he will have grasped the box, but it will be a long time before he pulls it out and reads the note pinned to his chest.

So there he will wait 2140 A.D., or thereabouts, when there will be a loud explosion, and into that strange world will walk a survivor of the twentieth century!

Would you like to be in his shoes? Or would the strangeness of that future world be too much for you?

Can it be DONE?

Popular Weekly Feature

I wish we could call them and tell them we can't get there until six o'clock, but we won't see a phone for miles—we should have a phone in the car.

Yes, we will, have to wait until we are almost there.

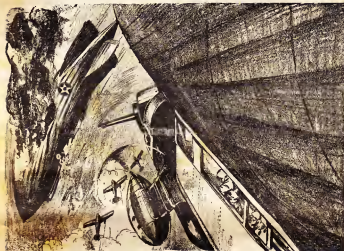
WHY NOT EQUIP MOTOR-CARS WITH A TELEPHONE THAT CAN BE USED ALONG COUNTRY ROADS WHERE A SIMPLE PLUG-IN DEVICE HAS BEEN PROVIDED FOR PHONE SERVICE.

CAN IT BE DONE?

WHERE NO TELEPHONE POLE.

If you have an idea that will make a useful invention, turn it into cash. Read on page 476 at SCOPPS Special Price Offer.

The Black Vultures



A broadside from the pirate ship tore through the riddled hull of the Dakota, as she went plunging seawards.

Blood-red flame licked from her

* AMERICA STRIKES

KICKING on sudden, Derek Oldham whipped back his control stick and, with a jerk which sent him sagging wildly against the side of the cockpit, the plane whirled seawards in a lightning-like turn.

In that same instant Bunting shattered past. It was Derek's chance and he took it. Back went the rudder bar to neutral, and forward and across went the stick.

Then down on Bunting's tail he shattered, his blazing gun smailing a sinister accompaniment to the sander of the powerful engine.

There was no question of a miss. The range was too short for that, and every bullet from Derek's gun whanged into the vital of Bunting's plane.

In a heavy Bunting pulled a desperate wing turn. Even then his machine was reeling dreadfully, and his bearded face was grey with fear of the death which he knew was riding with him in the cockpit.

Derek's foot moved a fraction of an inch on the rudder bar, and as his gun raked the black scout from angles cowering to tail plane, he saw Black Bunting speed helpily forward across the controls.

The black scout fell away into a spin, a tongue of flame licking back from its mown front tank. Following the pressure on the trigger of his gun, Derek fattened out and

looked down to see Bunting's machine lurching seawards engulfed in a dyest of flame unannounced by a black gull of sobbing smoke.

Relating in his soul, Derek passed his hand wearily across his goggles. Now that the fight was over and Bunting was plunging to his death, reaction was setting in. It was only with an effort that Derek kept a grip on himself as, thrusting the control stick forward, he glided down for a landing.

Black Vultures, preying on the Corpses of Dead Cycles

By **GEORGE E. ROCHESTER**

He had won, was that word dead of the show. Laugh for his life in the flames of the Black Vultures, the machine sky pirates—and was through.

He had become mixed up with the pirates' in a strange way.

A member of the British Aeronautical Research Society, he had been captured by the Vikings when they raided the town of Boston. He had been offered a chance of joining the Vikings—or a swift death.

He refused to join, and had been sent up to fight an air duel with a member of the Vikings who had shown cowardice. If he won, his life would be spared.

And he had won!

Falco caught him up, diving down from above, and waved a cheery hand to him. Derek was surprised to see him, for in the hectic moments which had passed he had forgotten all about Falco.

They landed side by side on the snow-bound scrubland below, and as they vaulted the cockpit's mechanism dashed up to them.

"Zoraster wishes to see you both at once," he said to Falco.

Something in the man's tone caused Falco to look at him sharply; then, taking Derek by the arm, he said:

"Yes, all right. Come on, Oldham!"

He hurried Derek to Zoraster's hut where the leader of the Black Vultures was lying white-faced and still upon his back.

"So you beat Black Bunting?" whispered Zoraster, looking up at Derek. "Yes, and him down in flames. I congratulate you. It was your life or his!"

His pockmarked eyes moved to the anxious face of Falco.

"What do you think has happened, Falco?" he said weakly. "The Americans are coming."

"The Americans?" repeated Falco, "Coming where?"

The bloodless lips of the pirate leader twitched in a malicious smile.

Battle of the Sky Giants

"Coming here, he replied. "Our radio has just picked up the news bulletin broadcast from Copenhagen. Here is the news which concerns us."

Falke took a slip of paper which had obviously been brought in by the wireless operator, and read the heavily wrinkled words.

"The American Government yesterday decided to make a determined effort to wipe out the air power bases in the Black Vulture who have been terrorizing Europe. The Government is convinced that the power and spreading from a greater number and have ordered their 'Delicate' carrier. After that, fighting aircraft will bring in powerful communications with Washington and the principal cities of Europe."

Falke looked at Zoraster.

"Amazing, is it not?" he said. "What do you intend to do?"

"Save them the trouble of looking for us," whispered Zoraster. "The carrier, equipped with Yankee wings. We will go to much of them and meet them over the Russian coast."

"He?" asked Falke. "Really you will not go?"

Zoraster's eyes gleamed.

"Yes, I will, I am answered and his voice was considerably stronger. "I will command my ship whilst there is breath left in my body!"

He looked at Derck.

"You also will come with us," he said. "and if it becomes necessary for me to order my fighting vessels away, I may order you to accompany them. If that happens and you do not fight for your very life these Yankees will shoot you to pieces!"

He turned again to Falke.

"Have the ship ready to leave here by day," he commanded, "and have a break prepared for me in the control cabin!"

* FIGHTING SCOUTS AWAY!

SHADES of the Arctic night were creeping in, across the cold and desolate sea when the giant ship of the Black Vulture emerged slowly from her shed.

Her gunboats and hull ports were alive with lights and her engines were gently taking care to warm them up for the long flight southwards across the Arctic Ocean. She slipped in her gunboats and flying led the crew, machine and pilot first aboard, passing up the ladder and all gunboats to launch into the gunboats and seek their respective quarters in the hull.

Zoraster was carried aboard as a stowaway, and under the supervision of Doctor Falke, was laid on the deck which had been prepared for him on the control cabin. Derck went aboard with Falke. What the outcome of this flight would be, he did not know, but he did know that refusal to accompany the Black Vulture would have meant a firing party and his very abrupt demise.

He was entirely in their power, and as far as he could see his fate was irrevocably bound up with them. Should the ship be seen plunging to its doom by the gun of the Delicate then he would perish with the rest of the infamously company aboard. Should fighting vessels be ordered away, then as Zoraster had said, he would be forced to defend himself or be shot down by the Americans who could not be expected to differentiate between him and his own plane.

Even if he tried to land, should it come to a fight in the air between the crews of the

Black Vulture and the American warships, he would never reach the ground alive, for they would fire on his tail with guns ablaze.

No, look at it any way he liked, it was an extraordinarily difficult position to be in and only the movement of events could provide the solution.

When the first gun was should, mending ropes were quickly cut off, the drone of the quietly running engines rose to a high, pulsating hum, and the mighty creature of the skies drove up into the Arctic sky.

"You cannot go overboard by yourself," said Falke to Derck in the brilliantly lighted cabin. "otherwise you will find yourself in the sea. You certainly cannot stand a machine as at strange as this one. I will not ask you for your parole. But let me give you a hint."

"Yes?" asked Derck.

"You are not one of us," said Falke, "and until you have taken the oath of allegiance every man aboard looks upon you with suspicion. Therefore, be very careful what you say or what you do, for it is our custom to shoot first and talk afterwards!"

With that he passed on into the control cabin where, lying on his back, Zoraster was watching the steady shaft astute at the controls.

As for Derck, he very shortly sought the cabin which had been allotted to him and tossed up. For one thing, he was tired out with the events of the day, and for another, he was not wanted in the cabin by the pilots of the Black Vulture.

As Falke had said, Derck was not one of them and until he was they made it very clear that they had no wish for another his conversation at his expense.

Lulled by the lull and away of the ship as it drove through space, and by the muffled hum of the powerful engines, Derck soon drifted off into deep and dreamlike slumber, whilst in the control cabin Zoraster and Falke earnestly discussed the plan of campaign which they would follow when they sighted the Delicate.

Down faced the terrible thing at a height of thirty thousand feet over the Lofoten Islands when he all the north-west coast of Norway. In the longer before the flying disk every machine was ready and the gun crews were standing to the quick from the port and starboard gunboats. Derck, who had been sent up on his bed, said Zoraster when the course had been changed to fifteen degrees more westerly. "She must be reporting her position in Washington."

But throughout the night the radio operator had allowed in vain to pick up the Delicate's wireless. Like Falke, he had never been able and now, however and weary, he was still awaiting the glowing dash of his receiving apparatus in an effort to locate the Delicate.

The hours passed, and along the desolate sea-board of Northern Russia the mighty ship of the Black Vulture trailed the ship which was looking for her.

It was towards morning, when a cold red sun low in the sky was serving only to emphasize the desolation of rocky coast and lonely sea, that Falke, leaning by the great curved window of the control cabin, suddenly straightened up, tense and rigid.

Next instant he had matched a pair of powerful glances from their risk by his elbow and was focusing them on a speck far ahead in the distance.

"There she is," he rapped. "We've caught her, Zoraster!"

Pitifully Zoraster attempted to raise himself on his back.

"How far ahead is she?" he croaked.

"How far, Falke?"

"Twenty miles at least," snapped Falke, the glances still glued to his eyes. "We have the glow of her by ten thousand feet!"

"The cloud belt," demanded Zoraster excitedly. "If only I could see. How high is the cloud belt?"

"Three thousand feet above us!" reported Schiff, the pilot.

"Then take her up!" croaked Zoraster. "Take her up into the clouds. Falke, order fighting planes away. You will find the squadron. Falke is two hundred feet of machines near. Anna Ulbrich should have it will be safe. The food might have you before you could reach the Delicate!"

"Yes, all right!"

Falke was already moving from the control cabin, and Schiff was taking the morning ship off up into the clouds.

"What about the Delicate?" Schiff asked Zoraster. "She is coming about!"

"It would pay the Delicate better to see!" whispered Zoraster viciously through his lips. "We have the height of her, Schiff, and that is half the battle!"

Meanwhile, in the better chill of the weather, clouds, Falke and his black brother had been weaving themselves into the crevices of the machines which had been hoisted swiftly up on to the flying platform.

The third belt was then, waiting close Zoraster's ship, and as the machines moved along the platform to take the air, they split into two formations, one being led by Falke and the other by the veteran featured Alfa.

Side by side the two formations drove through the dark, dropping lower and lower towards the fringe of the cloud belt and as he passed downwards Falke gave vent to a sudden triumphant shout.

For the Delicate had launched her fighting planes. There were fifteen of them all told, whirling to take up formation preparatory to sweeping the clouds for the slink of the Black Vulture.

Whipping his body pasted from its rack, Falke ground the trigger and a red suspension cartridge fell flaring into space.

It was the signal for battle!

Forward went every control stick, and gleaming circles cutted round the lagging of speckling the air.

Down through the clouds thundered the Black Vulture, the rest of her engines roaring with the shriek of wind past wings and streamlined fuselages.

* HURTLING TO DOOM

SWINGING on the morning air, Falke and Alfa parted company, each taking his share of the hurrying down, a solid wedge of blazing gun.

With each deadly confusion and unexpected ambushments had come the attack that they were on the widely whirling Alfa's machines before the latter reached their presence.

Through them they tore, each blackened plane before her nose, and when they had whirled past, the control sticks had to go snapping up towards the clouds again, even as the American machines were plunging towards in the death spin.

It was merciless slaughter, nothing else, and growing in mounting strength. Falke and Alfa wheeled their formations and took them thundering down again to the straits, their flaring gun making accompaniment to the savage screams of the engines.

With head down they lay back to on top woodsheds and ammunition belts whirling wildly through the chambers, the black smoke down to the second time through the cooling and stokers. American machines and few more went hurtling to their doom in the confusion of the battle.

Only three were left and the Black Vulture were in yet unscathed. And these three, headed in by swirling, whirling gun, fought with a courage and ferocity born of sheer desperation.

Set the end was inevitable. Swiftly it came. First one machine and then another plunged out of the fight and was hurrying onwards crumpled in flame and eddying smoke.

One now remained, and thundering in

you be saved in at the nearest Black Valence. It was the final gesture of despair, when the thunder of engines and the roar of guns came a sobbing, sobbing crash, and locked together, aerial machine and American went spinning down to find their graves in the grey and restless sea.

It may appear strange to a layman that the two fighting vessels of the Black Valence should have wiped out the Americans to a man, leaving only one machine themselves.

And whether a little coward for surprise. The superstitious rule of aerial warfare is attack—always attack. And greatly the Black Valence had earned it on that fateful morning.

Taking the Americans completely unaware they had watched anxiously through them to wheel like birds and turn sharply on the stricken mariners.

The white flag had taken but seconds and under the merciless leadership of Faine and Alya, two of the most expert fighting pilots of the world, the victory of the Black Valence had been won in spite of the fact that they had appeared out of the clouds.

Shooting his lightning Faine turned to lead the attack on the *Osaka*, but instead he suddenly took his formation diving seawards, followed by Alya and the rest of the squadron.

Far out of the clouds had appeared the victory of the Black Valence. Whether she had come down to see how her aircraft was faring or to engage the *Osaka*, Faine did not know. But he had glimpsed the unexpected steel slanters in position over the sea and the pelting machine in a quick hour.

That was enough for Faine, and as he and Alya wheeled their formation he below the sea level of the air, the *Osaka's* disappearance crashed into his life.

The *Osaka* rolled under the terrible impact of that flashing bomb which tore through his hull, but already her own guns were roaring into land life.

Her hull went high sailing in the sudden blowing of her gun shells, and before she could answer, another bombade from the stricken ship tore through her riddled hull.

Her stern dropped and blooded flame poured seawards from her open gun bags. The first bombade crashed out from her cooling decks, but another was hopeless and before she could fire again the crackle of the burning flames deepened to a terrifying roar and she went plunging seawards, turning to their doom away from shore.

* RIDING A BLIZZARD

THE gentle drizzle had not come nothing through the light. Fear of her great gun bags were empty, their muzzles were bulging badly and several gardens were showing signs of stress.

But little did Zoroaster and his pilots care for that when, having returned to the air ship, the latter stepped into the control room to meet the congratulations of their leader.

Chatterbox was brought and glasses filled, and although there was great merriment in the air, even when they were, they did their full day, meeting their own black flag and confidence in the enemy.

No more fighting would be required of them for some time, for the Americans had been wiped out to a man and the course had been laid for them.

A return to the base was imperative, for the machine required a thorough overhaul, and as the drive northward across the water of western afternoon sought slowly into dusk.

Skiff had been relieved at the controls by his second pilot, Glen Groat, and confidently turned to Zoroaster lying back on his back, Groat pointed ahead through the control room window.

"We're running into snow!" he said. "Can you get above it?" demanded Zoroaster, taking himself as his elbow to peer ahead into a thick sea black at night.



A white-faced rigder dashed into the control room. "The main centre girder has snapped!" he shouted. "The ship is breaking up!"

"No, no," replied Groat. "She will not crack."

"All right," replied Zoroaster, looking back on the pillow, "then she'll have to take it. It may be only a blizzard!"

Groat nodded, and so he turned again to his controls, relying upon the crew dived wearily around the lighted windows in front of him.

They were the first white blades of the coming storm which was sweeping down from Arctic wastes, and now against the angry sky was plunging and reeling through a blinding, screaming sea of swirling whiteness.

Above the hum of the engines rose the clank of the barometer and within a few moments of striking the map screen the long weathered wings were out of action.

"Keep her nose high!" cried Zoroaster, moving forward again on his elbow, his face haggard with pain and sudden anxiety. "Let her get levelled on to the ice and she'll break in two!"

Groat nodded, his hands stretched on the control wheel until the knuckles showed white through the skin.

He was sure all that he could do, but he had the shuddering of Skiff and it was with a gulp of relief that he suddenly saw the steady lines of the second pilot, Glen Groat.

Skiff was in boots, pyjamas and flying suit when that he had risen hastily from his back.

"Over her to me!" he yelled and as Groat shut out of the pilot's seat, Skiff took over.

By now the great curved windows of the control room were blackened with snow which was falling thicker and thicker every instant as the wildly plunging sailing freight lay way on through the blinding storm.

True and again it seemed as though only the colossal strength and the magic skill which lay in the hands of Skiff kept the stricken sailing trim whirling headlong on to the raging blizzard to go plunging to her doom.

Magnetically he fought, pitting every slant of his strength and skill against the mark and powerful elements. Frenzied, Groat watched.

They were joined by Faine and Alya Derk, with the other pilots, was in the saloon. With the exception of Skiff there was nothing anyone could do. The life of every man aboard was in the hands of the great-faced pilot who was battling as heroically to keep the reeling, plunging monster under control.

The attack of the hurricane had taken to a prolonged wave and once the airship rolled so dangerously that had it not been for the quick wit of Faine, Zoroaster would have fallen from his back.

Shaky the great airship righted itself and as a sudden lull in the storm the hum of the engines and the crash of battered gaskets came plainly to their ears.

"What's our height?" demanded Zoroaster hoarsely.

"Fifteen thousand feet, and she's going down fast," said Faine. "It's those curved gun bags and the weight of snow!"

Zoroaster nodded. He was now quite calm. "It is a pity to go out like this," he said. "One could have wished for a better end!"

There came another sudden lull in the storm and for a few moments the airship rode easily, her nose coming up under the pall of her control.

Then with a terrifying scream the hurricane closed down and above the shock of the new lull wind came a mighty crack and the stricken ship quivered from stem to stern.

Zoroaster's fingers closed on Faine's arm. "What was that?" he whispered.

Faine did not answer. He knew the worst had happened. A white-faced rigder dashed into the control room.

"The main centre girder has snapped!" he shouted. "The ship is breaking up!"

(Reader long and powerful testimony of this world will appear in SCOPES next week.)

TEMPLE of DOOM

THE world has known many cases of cataleptic convalescence, that strange condition in which the living creature hangs midway between nothingness and existence. Indian Fakirs are alleged to be able to suspend their being; to be buried alive, and then awaken from apparent death years after. If all this be possible now, advanced science may be able to suspend animation, to bring life to a state of dreamless inanimation. It is of this very thought that this amazing story tells.

By Maurice HUGI

* LOST CITY OF MYSTERY

"WE can't be far now," said Sam Frenck. "The next plateau shows lies before us, and there, just on the horizon, lies Death Valley."

The members of the expedition started through the night haze at a steady clatter of footsteps on the darkness. Darkly perceived was a dark gap between the hills, and, glancing at the map before them, they saw on screen, and some lines indicating "Valley of Death."

"So that's the place," Vincent Finkler observed as he climbed back on to his seat at the steering wheel of the lorry. "You know, I was half believing the whole thing a fake."

Old Sam and his companions, Richard Sharkey, scrambled up beside the driver and the outfit began to move once more.

The expedition was on the most up-to-date Sam. They had a lorry loaded with caterpillar tracks, and a trailer of stores and petrol on tow. With reasonable luck, they could travel 2,000 miles in the month, with a constant and speed unknown to the explorers of old. Their quest had been the outcome of a discovery of months, a scurrying together of their life savings and an old map, made by a Frenchman over a century ago.

"The real El Dorado," Stanley mouthed. "Gee, if we do strike lucky—"
"If we don't we're sure well seek," Finkler replied. "But I forget we had to borrow five hundred to finish equipping this outfit."

"I don't doubt the Frenchman at all," Sam broke in. "He says he found the hidden city often with gold and jewels."

"Fanny he didn't bring some back to prove his words," Finkler observed. "Just a map and good wishes—that's all!"
"Remember, he only just managed with his life," Sam observed. "He says he was about to be sacrificed to a god in a box." The lorry lurched and they all held tight as the motor plunged a way out of a deep rut. "This Frenchman managed to escape at the last moment and didn't get a thing for his pains—just fumes—and he left this map in the hands of a native chief who he befriended him during his last moments. It was handed down from father to son, and I bought it from the present headman."

They relapsed into silence for a couple of hours, till they entered the narrow defile. A dull shadow embraced them as they left the plain which had been locked with tropical sunlight, and an eerie wind added to their discomfort. Craggy rocks loomed all around and boulders littered the steeply graded. There was absolute silence in life—and even a lizard or mosquito. Truly a Valley of Death!

Soon the defile became too steep and

steep for the lorry and its trailer, so they dismounted. They filled their water bottles from the springs that rise there often, and a network of lined foot, put everything stop shape, and began the trek on foot.

For three days they struggled through some of the wildest country imaginable, Sam leading the way with the map and a compass. They grew more elated with each passing mile, for an every hard step proved the accuracy of their map.
At last the defile began to broaden and wilted, passing they came into open country. Deeply the mossy ground grew way in, and it was evident that game abounded.

They struck a small stream and followed it for five miles as the map directed, then they branched off southwards. In the middle distance lay a small forest—though check they had to travel and on reaching it they found a clearly defined footpath. This they took.

Being somewhat taken up with their thoughts, they failed to see shadowy figures sweeping in the dense undergrowth around them, and only realized that they were actually surrounded when the lookers broke cover with a wild yell.

Finkler and Dick braved their rifles and fired into the bushes. Those of the attackers dropped before Sam pulled to them to cross the way.

"You blithering idiot!" he cried. "This is supposed to be a peaceful mission, not a raid. We're in the soup now, you know."

At the first valley the natives had stopped, camped, and now gazed at one another fallen fellows. Sam took a glance at the menacing circle of spears, and held up his hand.

A tall one, and skinned, and black haired, stepped forward. He was dressed in a coarse brown cloth worn like a cloak, carried a belt around his waist from which dangled a short sword, had a shield in one hand, and a shining spear in the other hand. Approaching the explorers within ten feet, he thrust his spearhead into the ground and waited.

"A peace sign evidently," Sam remarked. "Wonder what language he speaks. Good bye, I suppose."

The native frowned as if pointing out what Sam had said, then he uttered a few words at a talking Indian. Sam dropped his gun, astonished.

"Idiot, make, to talk Spanish!" "I expected that," Finkler replied.

"They're evidently remnants of the old laws, and must have learned the language from Pizarro and his men three centuries ago. Remarkable that Spanish should still be spoken by them after all this time!"

The chief repeated his words, calling upon the white men to surrender peacefully,

and when they were surrounded by fully fifty natives, they were forced to obey. Their rifles were taken from them and then, with hands upon spears, they were made to march.

A lone hour's walk saw the end of their journey far, as they emerged from the wood, there lay before them a small city, walled and walled. They paused instantaneously and gazed upon the scene. The city was set in a slight depression and they could see the cluster of square white houses. A large building surrounded by a stone stood at the centre.

In a short while they were headed through a narrow gateway and landed into a small building containing but a single room. The door was barred upon them.

"The local sag, I suppose," Dick observed, raising a weak grin.

Finkler moved over to the side window and stared at the natives.

"I say, you fellows, look—look! What do they mean by this?"
The three men examined the single sheet of stone which formed the single door of stone, and then they saw it was directly into the doorway. It was perfectly unbreakable; there was no escape that way. They could see native looking opposite them, a steady look of indifference in a shaking state of rage.

"You know," Sam said in a pained tone. "These houses have the stamp of its weakness age, and the natives don't seem even able to repair them, let alone put them up. By the way, I don't see any gold or jewels beaming about at the Frenchman depicted in his map."

Dick began to ventriloquist about the little that surrounded the door, and gave a yell that brought the others hurrying to his side. He pointed on the floor to where a faint square could be seen. Eagerly, Sam dropped to his knees, and with his heavy gun made began to clear the dirt from the square. A big stone trap was soon freed out, but all their efforts failed to open it. They had an old grip, the stone, and it had even a small key, but that had been so it remained. Finkler went back to the window and gave a warning cry.

"Here comes his next big move with some ropes!"

Sam and Dick hastily scrambled to their feet and looked. They saw the square square. The door was being open and they were watching on either side open more.

The time their way led through streets crowded with natives—men, women and children—who gazed upon the white men curiously.

The explorers noted the decay everywhere—buildings and streets in rotting condition, with here and there unskilled attempts to patch them up. Walls and doors were the original builders of the city, and when did their natives come into possession? It was a mystery beyond solving. The main features of the architecture and the town-planning denoted a high form of civilization whose knowledge of science and engineering must have been so good as that of the best of the modern world.

They found that their destination was a building larger, more ornate, and in better repair than the average. Here they were shown into a large chamber lined with marble walls. There walls had been ruled with gold, silver and precious pearls in a vast design depicting a woman in a gown and an ornate jewelry case. A fine mosaic where other work was plain. The figure of time was laid on heavily, for the room of nature, however used in the principal was still and silent.

Suddenly, the adventurers were brought to a halt before a table of which sat seven men, none really appeared than the others. They were evidently the tribal council. These followed a slow, time wasting in talking Spanish. Often neither side could understand the other, for corruption had spread in the language of the

Then during the past three centuries. Finally, one aged chief rose and slowly spoke.

"It is clear that these men are from the country that ate up our land and people in the past. We have found shelter here, and our numbers are small. When formerly we embraced the meadow and were slaughtered for our goodness, let us now safeguard ourselves as our fathers did before us. Let the strangers be sacrificed to the god in the box."

He sat down amidst applause, and the paramount chief held up his hand for silence.

"It is well spoken, Hapayee. Truly, thou art a son of Maana Capaa. Let them be sacrificed at the sound of the gong three days hence. It is opportune that they should come, for the gong strikes but one stroke every six hundred moons. And three days hence the sixth hundred moon will be born. Take them away."

"But you can't do that!" Sam cried. "We have come upon a powerful mission. We cannot go home."

"Sleepest thou harm. What, then, of our three warriors whom you show with your bows and arrows?" the chieftain thundered. "No! It is decreed that you shall be fit sacrifice for the god in the box. Away with them."

Protesting and struggling, the captives were hauled out of the old council chamber and led to the sacred building, which was evidently the temple. Here they were lowered into a pit twenty feet deep and left to await their doom.

* THE GOD IN THE BOX *

THE three captives slowly for the captives. They made a rough inventory of their possessions. They still had their knapsacks containing medical stores, food and various articles which they had intended to use as gifts for any retrovisory should encounter.

Their rifles had long been taken away from them, and each kept his revolver and 250 rounds of cartridges, for the Indians had not known the deadly properties of modern small arms. Apart from a small stock of rifle cartridges, one revolver, three bows and two iron knives, which, with their spears, constituted their total weapons, they had no means of getting out of the pit.

The pit had walls smooth and polished like glass. Laid as flat, and tightly immovable. Even a day later had been lowered to them in a trap. Apart from that, no one came near. They ate, chattered and slept to pass the time away till the day of sacrifice dawned.

Three ropes were passed down to them, and they were hauled by some two youths. A crowd of natives flung themselves at each captive as soon as he was raised from the pit, and each was roughly bound with leather thongs.

"Keep cool and, above all, keep quiet," Sam admonished them.

"Have you any idea what's going to happen now?" Dick whispered.

"No, not a thought," Sam had to answer the younger.

They were dragged through severely and they were bound to the sides of the Indian pushing them softly. Then, without warning, they emerged suddenly into the main temple. A tall, slender, and slender-looking man and gloriously in the light of the burning torches. The white men had lost all count of time during their captivity, and had expected it to be daytime, but it was apparently night. Actually they were wrong, for the temple possessed no windows. Thus the torch light.

The gathering paused silently to allow captives and captives to see what appeared to be a high altar. This was raised some ten feet above the ground, and was approached by a stone steps. To the rear of the altar, in a recess in the wall of the building, was the strangest sight ever beheld by man.

A box of glass-like substance, measuring



As Parker touched the bare back of Sund he gave a ghastly cry and was catapulted into the air, burnt beyond recognition.

ten feet by five, stood propped up in a reclining position against the wall. The case was filled with a fluid, slightly murky, and emitting a faint radiance which flickered constantly. Immersed in the fluid was the perfect body of a man. He seemed to be supported by some invisible means, and to his wrists and ankles were attached metal bands. These bands had five wires trailing to the base of the glass coffin, where they disappeared. The light emitted by the cloudy liquid gave a regular rise and fall, and a faint ticking noise was apparent from the interior of the case.

"So that's your god in a box," Parker shouted. "Look, Sam, what are these dark set in the wall, just under the recess?"

Sam stared at a row of five dials. Each dial was marked off into five divisions, as if they were calibrated on units, hundreds, thousands, and so on. The needles at four dials were marking at the sixth calibration,

while the fifth dial had its needle nearly up, right to mark one, ten, or zero, according to the figure faintly discernible on the dial's face—figuring which meant nothing to Sam, for the characters were entirely strange.

"Looks like a geometric symbol," Sam replied humorously, hoping to distract his companions' thoughts from their predicament.

"I believe the needle on the red dial, the right hand one, is moving slowly," Dick whispered.

Before Sam could reply, however, four significantly dressed Indians mounted the steps to the altar, and the captives were hurried forward, and forced to kneel down. A music and light went up from the vast assembly. Five hours!

Three of the priests pulled out bronze ceremonial knives from belts around their waists. Sam and his friends had their heads pushed on to the edge of a stone trough at the foot

The Strange "God" Awakes

of the altar, and held in position by attendant priests. Thick brown stains covered the pavement, and the white men struggled with desperate horror as they realized in full what was about to happen. They were to be slain! And in a preserved body of an unknown being suspended in a box! And they were to be sacrificed like cattle by being laid to death!

The leading priest, who stood apart from the priestly group, had raised his voice in a tremendous exclamation, his eyes fixed on the new of the gods. The other priests approached with their hands outstretched in a gesture of the awestruck faith that would let the life-blood pass out of the white men's throats.

Parson, hearing and seeing, Sam and Parker struggled to break free, while Dick Shaker stamped forward in a dead faint. Suddenly the high priest uttered a repeated dramatically to the gods, and raised his hands in invocation to the god as the box.

BOOM!!!

A great thing out its melodious ring of sound. The musical strains looked at the high priest, for when he dropped his arms down came the bodies.

The high priest continued to pray aloud for five seconds, then a loud muttering in the congregation attracted his attention. He gave a cry of wonderment as he looked up and saw the hammers of the gods in the air, and down, and finally go out.

BOOM!!!

The great ring out again. The terrified priests dropped their bodies in surprise and great haste as if they had been stung.

BOOM!!!

For the third time the great sound came, and the high priest and the front of the altar had opened in two leaves. A brilliant blinding light in the roof of the temple flared into life.

This was the last sound. With one more great crash of the vast columns crashed for the walls, and in an instant the walls of the god in the box!

Many were crushed in the mad stampede, and those bodies lay scattered in the dust. The victims of the intended sacrifice were forgotten.

"Something's come wrong," Sam groaned. "The smaller programs' called off, it seems. Here, Parker, look that some final knock-out!" Sam managed to hold the knife steady between his feet, and Parker snatched away at his hands. The brother was tough, but the knife was mauling in shrapnel.

Sam was freed, and cut Sam loose. Dick was still in his feet, which was not to be wondered at. But they risk were their murderer, and Sam hastily repeated the sacred law, and applied first aid to the wounds.

When Dick had recovered and felt better, Sam began to count around. Parker had gone to the ruins east, and returned nothing.

"The city's here," he announced. "I believe they're all hiding under their beds."

"I like to know just what his big plan is," Sam said softly.

He assessed the altar and stared at the open cell, then reached out and touched it with his hand. He gave a murmur.

"Good heavens! The box is quite new!"

Parson and Dick scrambled up alongside their partner and aided in the examination of the glass box. The light from the red gas-triple illumination. The figures in the case were dimly only now that the bodies of the gods had disappeared, and they could see that the box, which on a shallow dish with the end of their worn straps. Parker gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Look! This lower opening seems to be made of thick copper!" They poked the material with their fingers and found it gave a bit. Sam whipped out a knife and, cutting the others to stand clear of the disk which would pour out, with a sweep

of his arm he pulled the transparent film. To the amazement of the party there was no signal, but the swirl of an unknown gas sufficed them instantly.

The case must have held a gas some thing less than oxygen," Parker observed.

"If no oxygen, wanted to pass through such short given they give. You're sure those red air also again in sleep, haven't you?"

Sam nodded silently. He advanced into the coffin, which was big enough to hold him as well as the body of the creature. He examined the still figure, and then hept back startled.

"My God! I believe that fellow's alive!"

He said. He felt the body again. "Yes, there's a faint heart beat—and pulse, too!" Parker emphatically shook his head, and briefly examined the man. He nodded.

"You're right, Sam. Give me a hand. We must get the poor devil out of this. Dick, you open the machine lid again, quickly."

They snatched the cover, examining the wrists and ankles; then, cutting the webbing that supported the body, they lifted it out and laid it on the floor. Dick held out the open machine lid to Parker.

He used a hypodermic syringe and a pinch of hypodermic prepared medicine. He gave an injection with calm, treating the body as if for shock.

The powerful drug acted slowly, and Parker advanced away at the recumbent figure, applying artificial respiration. Slowly the heart beat strengthened, and faint color crept into the cheeks of the god who came from the box.

"Well, that's the simplest affair I ever came across," Sam whispered.

Before anyone could answer, a spear flashed in between the party, striking the altar a few inches from the body. The explosion upon raised a cloud of a party of natives, who, greatly daring, had crept back to the temple.

Sam and his companion withdrew out their weapons and sent a sharp flash into the temple. The natives scattered, leaving a few others lay in the dust, two building badly, while the rest sought shelter in the passages. They were out of spear range and could not attack, but at the same time, being visible in the glow of the passage, made no possible targets for the white men.

A loud sound behind them caused them to turn round. The "god" had an up, and was rubbing his eyes peacefully.

Dick spoke to the fellow's aid, and the hidden natives saw they approached they for the first time. They gave one particular look at Sam and leaving the gate of the white men, uttered a loud cry at the passage, and made for the exit. They scampered down the street, waving on those below to hide from the god, who had been brought back to life by his white friends.

* THE MAN FROM THE PAST *

"What's go wrong, mister?"

Sam stared helplessly at the strange language the white men had used. It was no known tongue of the present living world.

"How do you feel, old man?" Sam asked.

"This time the outside and looked perfect. He looked, and, with shaking hands, tried to get off the altar. Dick asked him any support, but was waved aside with an imperious gesture. The man rose shakily, got down, and flunked at the base of the altar.

The natives stared, and in their astonishment the altar swung aside on a pivot, disclosing a series of steps leading down into the bowels of the temple. The way was flanked by rows of dusty lamps, glowing in a bit by electricity, but without seeming the usual torches. The stranger slipped

down and then beckoned the white men to follow him.

"Have you," Sam remarked. "This is all damned mysterious, but I'm going to find out what the fellow's up to."

They went down at single file, the "god" leading. They kept their revolvers ready.

Sam counted a hundred and twenty steps, each some an inch deep; therefore concluded they must be at least fifty feet under ground. The altar had closed after them and dead silence reigned. A long passage led to be traversed, ending in a dark wall of massive stone.

"What now, old man?" the irrepressible Sam inquired.

The stranger uttered some queer words, and the black wall slid down into the floor with a smooth action. It was controlled by a lever actuated by sound.

Inside was a vast chamber, of much greater dimensions than that of the temple above. Towering, strange, columnar forms everywhere, in apparent confusion, and the flood of power radiating from them through their heads. Panels with strangely marked disks, gleaming globes of bubbling, glowing liquid, balls from which sprang great streams of smoking electricity gave the place the appearance of a power house.

The "god" stood on a bench, which ran the full length of the wall, and opened one of the numerous lockers which lined the angle of the bench and wall. There was a box of air, showing that the cupboard was airtight, evidently no generous air constant. He took out built a dozen queer contrivances, shaped like balloons.

Placing one on his head, he examined the white men to see whether Dick assumed the headgear, and found it covered with copper studs. Though large, the helmet weighed no more than a bowler hat, and fitted the head snugly.

A queer jumble of thoughts passed through his brain, then a command rang out, seemingly in his mind. "Make your thoughts clear."

"Since you do not know my language," the thought provided, "I thought it best to use my mechanical—telepathic methods."

Sam and his companion gaped, goggle-eyed. Thought transference!

The man continued to perfect his thoughts. He repeated of their actuality, the rough principles of working of Earth, and present power, and a system of psychology.

Sam gave the answers, and began to question the stranger on them.

He held up his hand in regal manner.

"Let me tell my story in my way," he commanded.

And what a tale it was!

"My name is Sam of Eon, Lord of Heaven's Earth. Before the past from the past. I am, or rather was, the Master Scientist of Eon, that land which you call Atlantis."

"Say, what a name!" Parker cried. "What a fine you're handling on!" Atlantis has been destroyed thousands of years ago. I believe Plato gave the date as 9,600.

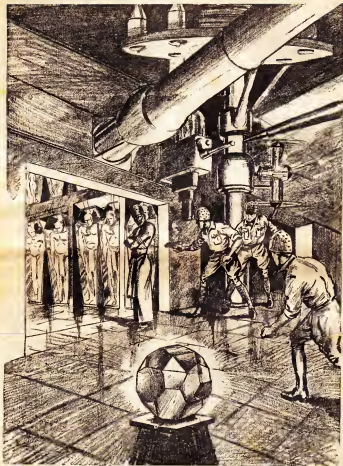
"That's about 11,000 years ago. But you mean to tell me you're here at that time?"

"That it is so. In fact, no! Call it unproved antiquity for a better name. However, to continue with my tale. My country was at war with the earth planet—that which you call Mars. Across millions of miles of space our last rays darted, severing the face of the red planet. Soon it was crumpled by long, straight streaks."

The so-called circle of Mars! Sam gasped.

"Yes; we were once proud from the heart in the heart of the Earth, but, alas! we drew too heavily. The Earth could rapidly at the surface, owing to the death, and began to contract towards the center of our far world. The mountains that surrounded us began to level off, and our ancient island found a break. Being the supposed, which, we

(This story is continued next)



Sam fired point blank at the Man from the Past, but he stood unharmed, sneering at the explorers. "Four foot," his thoughts registered, "what harm can you do to an immortal with your puny, primitive weapons? Let this not be repeated, lest I blast you with my awful powers."

—the few animals with foresight—back to the high ground, that spot which you call the Auditor. Here we were safe, but not secure. We were men of nerve, and when we saw that out of one hundred and twenty million populations we were the safe survivors, we walked for the *hazy* of the elements to slake, and then constructed a rough ship, which took us to the mainland, where coasters were newly thrust up from the bed of the old ocean. By many hardships we succeeded in reaching the interior, which was wild, unknown territory to us, and there founded this city. Also there were no women in the glory to aid propagating the race, as I desired my salvation. I had been studying frugs and feds, which was no frug, but in that condition for a very long time, and then, when threatened, to die? Why should we not be placed in a state that would prosper as well as a time would come for us to restore forth, and some that which belonged to us? I stand at the altar, and all across you know. We have survived all these years.

"We?" How come the 'we' part of the business?" Sam asked.

"Rebbed!" Said of Ben said. He moved a hand towards the mirror wall. A section parted as if by magic. The interior was lit by dusty lights, as the passage from the temple had been. And there, one upon one, stood three entities, each surrounded by a glowing occupant. The ceiling glowed with the same wavy fluid, and pointed their complement of wings. But they hadn't the clock engraving which Sand's he had. Only he had the master clock, and only he needed to be moved, that to night come and watch his fellows.

"So you're going to *save* the world, are you?" Ben repeated softly. He gently drew his revolver from its holster and pointed it to Sand. "Not if I know it."

"You mean that you will try to prevent me?" Sand answered sharply.

"Sure, right now."

There was a flash from his gun, and a slight haze of blue smoke.

"Believing blasphemy!" Ben exclaimed. Sand stood unmoved, staring at the explosion.

"Poor feds, what harm can you do to an immortal with your puny, puny weapons? Let this not be repeated, but I shall you with my axial power!"

To demonstrate, he raised a small red, not white, a sphere, and aimed it at a small black of round disk stuck on the bench. It grew dark and heavy, and finally disappeared.

"And that is what would happen to you all, if you interfere!"

Sam, forgetting he was still wearing the thought-transmitting headcap, quickly thought out another means of attacking the man from Ben. Sand smiled, and relaxing another switch on the red, pointed it to his own chest. He stood motionless in a violent glare for a second; then the beam was turned off.

"There, my friend, show your cowardly personal weakness, not before you. Touch me not, if you would live."

Sam wrinkled the forehead from his head and dashed it to the ground. "There, that's, now try and read my thoughts!"

Sand looked puzzled at the words, now that the connection was broken.

Parker and Dick, each their manners aside, and looked towards Sam. He shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

Sand turned his back contemptuously on the white man (he was brown-skinned, true a Hindu), and entered the cavern of ceiling. Parker took a chance, and bashed himself on the bare back presented to him.

He gave a terrible cry, and was catapulted back into the machine room, heard beyond recognition.

Sam flung himself on his knees beside the body. While Dick stood by while Sand, Parker had been destroyed! Sand had evidently changed himself in some manner

so that he now emitted a current of poisonous vapor!

The men from the past gave a warning wail as the corpse and then began to writhle off the cement from the floor of cobble.

"Dick, we've got to stop the devil. He's mad with power. What shall we do? Smash the machinery of his?"

"Will it help?" Dick asked doubtfully.

For answer, Sam raised his gun and aimed at a globe of glowing gas. Without a pause he pumped four bullets into the globe, which shattered with a shriek. For a second there was no match; then suddenly a noise whined and went to a screen, as if it were running away with itself.

Sand gave a cry and rushed out into the machine room. His hand reached for a switch on a wall panel, and Sam stopped him just then at it. The bullet aimed, but glowed through half a dozen dark as it crashed, and there followed a display of fireworks that blinded them momentarily.

Great sparks flew everywhere, there was a deafening crackling and the entire power plant began to rattle as if it were bent on self-destruction. Applauded at the damage they had committed, the adventurers backed away towards the open door leading to the temple. Sand stopped, his face contorted with fury. He muttered some words that they could not catch, much less understand and lunged towards them. Dick fired but a single shot, and Sam tossed his arms.

"Don't it, but" he cried.

They sped up the passage, pursued by the brilliant radiance from the power room. Explosions went on the air, and the solid masonry seemed to reel. To add to their plight, the lights began to dim, and finally extinguished, leaving them groping in the dark.

Next Week

More powerful stories of the wonder-world in next week's issue.

MOON

MADNESS

Cries on the dead world that is the Moon. A stormy call from the lunar globe and a thrilling race through space. Love, tragedy and death in an amazing drama on the Moon.

DEATH

BROADCASTS

Destination from Earth! Terror from the Void! The world's radio screamed when The Spokenword came "on the air" and Death Broadcasts. A startling new series of science stories that will hold you spellbound.

SCOUTS OF

SPACE

Another long and thrilling story of the police fighters of Inter-Planetary Space. A tale not to be missed.

THE POISON

BELT

The fifth installment of this masterpiece of scientific fiction. The world of men when from the dead.

By Sir A. CONAN DOYLE

At these attractive features
In SCOOPS Next Week

"Can't he get from the steps up to the temple?" Dick asked.

They started on, but as steps materialized. There must have been an unseen launch in the distance which they had in the dark. They stopped and listened. Behind them was silence, which was more unswerving to them than the previous turmoil of sound.

"I reckon Sand's gone up the main passage to the temple," Sam murmured.

"What shall we do? Keep on, up this way?" Dick asked.

"Yes, we can't be worse off. If we turn back, we might bump into the 'god' fellow, and I don't want to do that. His temper must be unpleasant."

They stumbled on for a good ten minutes, then striking a match every now and again. The passage was really dark, but had no light glances in the wall.

They were feeling along the walls, and Dick called out.

"Now, there's an opening here!"

Another match flared up and showed a live arch. They peered in it, and saw a series of steps leading upwards.

"That's the way! Up you go, Dick."

Continuously they ascended, and Dick heaped his head and gave a soft exclamation.

Another match revealed a trap-door with a cushion some half an inch. Slightly the lid was drawn back, and Sam had to help the pommel to raise the trap. They passed through cautiously.

"Well, I've landed!" Sam exclaimed.

They were looking into the hole in which they had been imprisoned by the ceiling!

They arose out into the blessed light of day. Then, going over to the door, which was hanging open, they surveyed the street. All clear. They slipped out, and began to creep towards the city gate by which they had entered, when a shout drew them attention. They turned and gave a cry. Five people to their rear stood Sand!

He held out his red, fingering the catch, and strode closer.

Sam cast about desperately. There was no escape! So far had they come to be detected.

"Steady, lad," he whispered.

Watching Sand's attack, he valued all the tell without with powers on the watch. Then he pulled Dick over, and threw himself sideways. A crash told him the bolt of power had struck a building behind them, bringing down the masonry.

He scrambled to his feet, and somehow found he was clinging to his wristbands, the strap of which had broken at his fall. With out hesitation, he flung it at Sand's head.

With a sweeping movement, Sand nearly cut the bottle in two with his ray.

Then an amazing thing happened.

The water splashed on Sand, running down him, and when the stream reached the ground, there came a terrific flash! The streamer had struck the incandescent current which had been charged into his body.

Without a sound, the man from the past sank to the ground, and his corpse rolled to one side, with its eye still centred on . . . The attack a stone in the roadway pivoted, then came to a rest. The ray played on its center, and before the white man's eyes he slowly disappeared.

Sam, standing on the road, watched it off, and nodded to Dick.

"Come on! We'll beat it while the going's good."

They ran towards the gateway, when they were pulled up by a shower of spears. The soldiers were attacking!

"Don't we get out of here?" Dick cried.

Before Sam could reply, there came a thunderous explosion from the temple. The dome split in two, and a brilliant white flash shot up to the sky. With one accord the nation fled, and the explosion took its toll here.

Three days later, unswerving, they reached their wayfarer, and turned homeward. Gold and jewels they had come, but a scepter of death was all they had to show.

HERE'S A SCOOP

A Weekly Review mainly about Ourselves and the Wonders of the World of Today and Tomorrow

Giving 'A Man His Due

IN the early issues of *Scoops* we refrained from publishing the names of the authors of our stories. There was no particular reason for this beyond the editorial belief that readers are not specially interested in the writers so much as in their stories.

In this belief we appear to have been mistaken, the letters received asking us to publish the names of authors are any indication of a general desire among our readers.

One correspondent says, "that an author should be given his due and the opportunity of winning the esteem of readers for the quality of his work."

We agree entirely, and shall in future publish the names of authors to that readers may look forward with added interest to the work of their favorites.

By Air Post

AEROPHILATELISTS have been holding a gala week in London.

Foreign collectors from all over the world were here visiting or exhibiting at the first Air-Post Exhibition ever to be held in this country.

The several millions of specimens on show told the complete story of the aerial post. Aerial messages have been sent by airmail



One of the magnificent stamps issued during the Air-Post Exhibition.

pages throughout the ages, but the first and proof of an airmail was carried by balloon over England in 1782 by Dr. John Jeffries. The whole history of the air mail service can be found in the messages, covers and stamps on show, up to the present-day air posts and the atmosphere balloons and rocket trails, which may be the airmail of tomorrow.

Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary of State for Air, who opened the Exhibition, declared that the first regular public air mail service was between London and Paris in 1816, and whereas in 1820 Royal's total air mail was two and a half tons, during the past year one hundred and seventy-two tons of letters and parcels were carried by air.

This amazing development of postal communication by air has given philatelists a wide new field for their activities, and the Aero Philatelic Club is doing excellent work in fostering public interest in a service that is doing so much to link the nations of the world closer together by the rapid and safe carriage of their correspondence.

Rocket Mails

HEINRICH KUCKER, the German rocket experimenter, was exhibiting one of his mail rockets, which has made several successful "shots" in Germany.

While the rocket post is still in its embryo stage, it has already shown that there is definite possibility in this form of mail transport.

The first mail rocket was "shot" up vertically in April, 1923, but it was not until 1928 that the first rocket was shot from place

to place by Heinrich Tilling, a German experimenter.

There is now a regular rocket mail service in Austria, as explained in an article on page 46, and Herr Zucker is experimenting in Germany.

Up to the present Austria and Germany have had the rocket post field to themselves, but preparations for experiments are being made in Holland.

Agriculture—To-Morrow

ONE sees the days when a farmer sowed his seeds and left the rest to fate and the elements.

Nowadays the farmer goes hand in hand with the scientist in the raising of his crops, and agriculture is just another sphere in which science is bringing about a new era.

At the various Agricultural Research Institutes in this country scientists are continually "breeding" new forms of plants, vegetables and cereals in order to hit upon the perfect variety—one that is immune from disease.

Even when the seeds are safely sown, science still plays a part in their growth. Electric cables, placed in the earth, raise the temperature of the soil and so speed up the ripening process.

It is claimed that by this method the soil can be kept at summer temperature throughout the year. So far this process has only been applied to glasshouse products, as the cost of installation and upkeep of the necessary apparatus is as yet too high to justify its use in outdoor cultivation. But this difficulty may easily be overcome in the near future.

Good-bye To Green Fields

A FAMOUS German scientist, Dr. Rost Aernberg, has perfected a method by which he claims that crops of the future will be grown and harvested indoors!

For many years Dr. Aernberg's analysis samples of every sort of fertile soil. All these he reduced to a chemical formula, and with this formula magical results were obtained.

Ordinary seeds were placed in a closed metal tray and sprayed with the chemicals every few hours. At the end of ten days the tray was opened. A perfect crop of green fodder, 14 inches high, was revealed.

Enough green fodder to feed 30 head of cattle all the year round can be grown in

one cabinet of three trays, standing about eight feet high, at a cost of roughly one shilling per week.

This method would do away with dried cattle fodder during winter, with a consequent improvement in the condition of the cattle.

One advantage, too, could be housed in their laboratories of seed trays to open in the month of ultra-violet rays.

Thus the farmer of the future need not be subject to the vagaries of the elements. He will be as contented of his own artificial sun, his crops, fruit and vegetables will thrive without the help of nature and his livestock will be in a state of perpetual good health.

Strawberries All The Year Round

A FAMOUS Scottish agriculturist, Mr. A. B. Macdonald, has raised famous strawberries in the darkness of December!

He uses a 2,000 candle power lamp to force their growth.

With the aid of this lamp Mr. Macdonald has forced budding anthers (see full bloom) in one night and has made double-flowered buds to force days instead of the usual seven weeks.

All plants and vegetables which are subjected to the strong intensity of light, however. For instance, peas, beans and raspberries send in the long wavelength light, while radishes and lettuce thrive better upon the opposite extreme.

It is in these problems that science is helping agriculture.

His Idea Makes Him an Artist

ECCLETT has copied a series of pictures and shows how he can be turned out by almost anyone as the result of a simple device which a workman can construct in a few minutes.

He took the principle of the new kind of camera and adapted it for the copying of pictures in the following way.

The drawing to be copied is set up in position opposite a picture and mirror combined. As the object looks down through an eyepiece in the prism a reflection of the sketch is copied in sum on a sheet of paper placed in his drawing board. For good results it is necessary for the original picture to be well lit and for the drawing board to be shaded. It is possible to set the gadget so that any sized copies can be produced from the same original picture.

If you've any ideas like this, send them in to us. Based on page 450 how bright notions can turn you a prize.

Another Puzzle Craze

PZELLER has always intrigued, and the various puzzle craze that have swept the world—"Pet and Taka," "Mish Jugg," "Lemon-swords," "Jig-saw"—show how popular they can become.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the average puzzle—jig-saw and cross-word included—is that once it has been solved you are no longer interested in it.

But now we have come across a puzzle which overcomes this drawback and which looks like to stay another puzzle craze.

It is called "Memory Words," and is a series of a mixture of cross word puzzle and jig-saw. It consists of a box containing twenty-five letters on small blocks of wood. You have to rearrange these letters to form a square containing words. Every word of five letters counts 10 points, every word of four letters 5 points, and so on.

With "Memory Words" you may go on building up words in different words, and find that each time you get a different total. When you find the highest total you can get you send it in on the entry form given with the puzzle and it may bring you £50.

"Memory Words" costs little expense, and can be obtained from any bookstall or newsagent.



11, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2.

Phone: Temple 8022. Ex. 41.

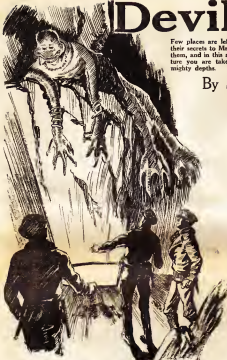
(12 Lines)

Subscriptions: 3 months—3s. 6d.; 6 months—6s. 6d.; 12 months—12s.

Devilman

Few places are left on Earth that have not given up their secrets to Man. The depths of the Sea is one of them, and in this amazing story of imaginative adventure you are taken down under those strange and mighty depths.

By Stuart Martin



★ DEVILMAN'S LAST THROW

DEVILMAN of the Deep had made his bid for power in the unknown depths, and he had lost.

For years he had waged war against Sea Flight, the Prince of the crests of the range of mountains below the South Atlantic Ocean. But in the battle that had ended Devilman had barely escaped with his life.

He sat in a cave in the honeycombed hills, wounded, defeated, but still filled with thoughts of revenge, and his rage was wildly directed against the three men from the upper world who had aided Sea Flight in his long war.

Half shark and half human, the Devilman presented a strange spectacle as he sat in the gloom of the cave. The remnant of his fish-man lay about him, filled with despair and gloom as deep as the shadows of the cavern. They shrank out into the higher slopes of the green girl mountains, as the troops of

Sea Flight would had them and inflict final punishment.

It had been a terrible battle that ended Devilman's hopes of power. The dead and dying of his followers had bespiced the floor of the cave in which the fight had taken place. He himself had escaped Sea Flight's personal attack only through the intervention of his black fish-men; and the remnant of the rebels had fled, leaving Sea Flight in possession of the field.

For three hundred years Devilman had lived the life of a desperado. His rule had been broken when the three men, Staccato, Kille, and Carroll, had descended in their gondola. The knowledge, the weapons, of the Earthmen had prevailed against his own.

He grieved his fury as he thought of those men. One had escaped by fleeing upward to the surface of the water, but in the battle he had seen the other two, the two whom he had once desired more than anything else. If it was his lot not to exist, he wanted to kill them.

He raised a long antique arm and pointed to one of his fish-men who lay resting not far off.

"Come here!" he commanded. "Tell me again the tale you told about the two Earth men."

"It is simply told, Devilman. While we fought with Sea Flight's troops I saw the two men go down to passage in the rock. I followed, calling on the heads of the under-world to follow, so that we might kill these men. We chased them far into the rock, and there we lost them."

"How did you lose them? Tell me again."

"We had almost come up with them, and the heads were preparing to leap, when there came a fire on the old river. It had been kindled by one of the Earthmen. We could not pass the flames, which are still raging. You could not pass those flames, Devilman. And so they escaped."

"And you say that passage leads to the upper world, to the world these men came from?"

"It leads under the ocean to the land far beyond. Thus I was told by one of the dying fish-men of Sea Flight. But those men were poor through the sea at that point, as the path rises. That is why they wore their strange suits with the metal leech."

"Why does not the sea talk as though the opening and come to us?"

"Because there is an ice wall. But there is a way of getting out to the sea—a way in, too, I mean."

Devilman bowed his head without answering. His dull brain had undergone a change since the coming of the Earthmen to the depths. At one time the wars of the deep had been conducted without strategy, without measure or cunning. The fish-men, used to combating the straightforward forces of nature, had never employed cunning; but now Devilman had observed that through lack of cunning he had lost his kingdom.

He strove to think. His development was not of a high order, but it was not dark, and the shock of one of the strongest fish that swam. It was the shock in him that had made him the leader of three fish-men. They could not think, but they could follow and fight.

Devilman rose and stretched his mighty limbs, and issued a trumpet call.

"We go to search for the Earthmen," he announced. "We shall find them in the ocean as they seek to rise to their own land, and when we find them we shall destroy them."

He laid down to the black fish-men who had given him the information.

"I know that river that runs across the passage. This is my plan. Half of you will take one way, approaching up till you reach open sea. Half will come with me the other way. We shall swim along the mountains and the valleys until we are the Earthmen. We shall wait at the sea as they there."

In a few minutes the chase had begun. It was not difficult for them to reach the river of salt water, for Sea Flight had withdrawn most of his troops, and quarantined himself with guarding the approaches to the upper chambers of the citadel. In this, he argued

of the Deep

that Devilman must in time come from his hiding, he said, but he had not left the other points without visits.

Every glimpse was watched by guards whose Devilman knew was on his hands but way to the shore. Even he was not aware of observed his remaining three drabs and two and took their opposite ways. His flight would be informed of the movement, but Devilman had no thought of any way they took the two Earthmen, Stannore and Kells.

With fifty of his amphibious followers he entered the salt river and lay down in it, seeking under the surface and swimming with long easy strokes, head to back, on a long line. The current, such as it was, was in their favor, but it was too weak to help them to any extent, and before long they found that the stream entered a smooth bore dark as night.

At length they became conscious that the current ceased, the water was heavier, and they were faced by a wall of rock. Devilman, who headed the line, did not hesitate. He was that they were at the base of a cliff. He shot upward, his fishman at his heels. It was a long swim to the top, and then Devilman emerged into the gloom of the cave and took the lead of the sea.

Then the search began for the sea well. For miles the company searched valleys and ledges. They encountered no opposition, for at that depth there were not many dangers of the deep; but their search was fruitless.

They proceeded along the uneven surface of the ocean bottom for a long distance before they encountered another range of hills. This sea was much less deep here and the water was warm and glassed—dark, a whole new and then, a school of porpoises that few spaced at the fish men's coming.

Still no sign of mountains or sea wall, and Devilman knew that the wall of an altar be on the side of a hill. It was so in the domain he had led to the flight; it must be so elsewhere.

The floor of the sea was almost flat now, but it still sloped upward in a great plain. He had been over this ground before and knew it well, but he had never gone much higher in the ocean. His eyes kept to the great depths, where the cold was here and the sea never above and the light of the sea was as the glow of evening light.

But revenge urged him on now. He would, he believed, even be willing to die if he could kill the two men who had taught him and decided him. His death was would be his enemy in arms. He would show no pity of any other man came into his children's way. That would be his last day ever. Sea with human beings.

Now the ceiling of the depths changed, the darkness gave way to twilight. The darkness began to feel the change in conditions.

They kept to the flat bed of the sea, as much as possible but the water grew less chilly gradually. More light showed downward. A streaming from the surface above them came to them as a black elongated shadow crowded high above, leaving a storm on disturbed water.

Devilman knew what that was, so did his followers. It was one of the largest ships of the Earthmen passing across the surface of the ocean.

Fish of various kinds now became common, but every fish dashed away as Devilman and his troop shot ahead. Up the sloping plain they moved like torpedoes, and now they found the water in lighter water than ever. A plateau stretched out in front, but as the plateau there was a ridge of drift, as rather a series of hills that ran to right and left.

Up the rugged face of these cliffs Devilman swam to still lighter water. The cliffs were tipped with masses of rock, and beyond the range still lighter water spread, green like water shot here and there with a brightness that Devilman had never seen before.

How was he to know that he had come to the very coast of South America and that he was within a hundred fathoms of the surface of the sea? How was he to know that barely a score of miles in front of him was the mouth of the Amazon, where the land was dotted with cities of men, and ships were plying in and fro along the wide banks of the river?

The sea, however, told him that he could not go higher without danger to himself. He was feeling the effects of the new conditions more than his fish men, but his thirst for revenge quelled at his vital, urging him to continue.

"Along the ridge," he signalled, and his troops spread out and swam at his direction.

He himself crested in white circles, ever moving his scope of observation; and it was he who made the all-important discovery. From the shadow of a ridge he saw two figures moving into the lighter water, and he knew swiftly in a wide, preposterous movement, while his eyes almost popped from his head.

He could hardly believe it. Standing himself in the water, he sent out a summons to his fish men.

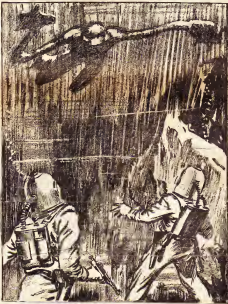
There, like two ants, were the Earthmen he had come to kill—Stannore and Kells, the scientists!

* BATTLE OF THE SHARKS

THEY were in their diving suits, and their helmets gleamed dully through the sea, and from their helmets came tiny bubbles of air that floated up in a series of bursts.

Little old Mark Stannore and Balise Kells knew that at that moment the monster Devilman was watching them. They had reached the end of the passage in their flight from the volcanic world of Sak men.

They had seen a great show of sea, such as they had seen in the dwellings of the fishmen deeper down. It had been opened when they were still a long distance from it, and the launch of water had not taken them so easy. They had clung to the rocks of the passage when the water mounted until it



Devilman floated gently over the two divers, his evil face distorted with passion and frightful gleaming.

to reach the reef and the force of it had ceased. Then they had walked from the underwood into the open sea.

They had made calculations as to the distance with great accuracy, and now they believed they were within a short distance of their goal.

The silk of the Reef Plank drifted past them. They observed, through their face plates, the difference in the sea, and they had seen the weed that told them they were near land. Neither of it had taken root and grew here and there to a height of two feet and more.

It had come down from the interior of South America, this drift and weed, and lay in thick clumps and patches about them. There was no mistaking these deposits, or the feel of the current about them. Their scientific knowledge made deductions that ordinary men would never have noticed.

A shadow passed above them. Was this a boat? They looked up, and their feet resumed motion to the ground.

Devilman floated, gently above them, his face distorted with passion and frightful gloating.

Instantly, the two men stood back to back. Their clothes revolved, speedily made to drive pellets of death through heavy water, spring to their hands. Their knees bent at their garden ready for war.

But his hands in kill, Devilman had forgotten these guns and knives; and now he remembered just in time as he saw both men raise their weapons and fire.

A rank of water squirted into Devilman's eyes as the bullets cut their way past him. He charmed the water around him into a froth, a screen in the course of which he swung around and around, widening the disturbance with every swirl, and then out of it came men he shot straight above their heads, and dropped like a stone.

He was beside them, facing them, in a flash, and his tentacles swept towards their faces. The sucker which he had in place of a hand watched at the round helmet of Kells, caught it, held it a moment, then tore down with all his power. Kells could not resist that suction. He stretched and fell, and down came Stannum beside him at the same moment.

But it was not Devilman's attack that brought Stannum down. He dropped well right because he knew that it was hopeless to fight this monster on his feet. The water would impede human movements, while it could be so trouble to a fish-man.

Living on his back, Stannum fired another shot which Devilman in the leg, causing him to fall face downward. But the wound was not deep or disabling, and before Stannum could fire again Devilman was swimming round towards his head once more.

That was his plan, to attack from above and behind. His fellow came fast to the fray, answering at a signal from their leader and bearing part of the gun range, and a third man appeared Stannum and Kells called their names.

Lying on the ground, they moved until they were parallel, but head to feet, so that each could sweep his gun a full semi-circle and cover what the other did not see. Then they waited, waiting from behind their helmets the attack of the fish-man.

Above the combatants a stowaway thrashed his way upward into the current, his feet playfully sticking and his propellers whirling the cream into foam.

A sailing ship passed also across the steamship's wake, steady and eager, and dogging behind her stern was a line at the end of which was a chunk of meat, which almost reached the circle of fish-men. Stannum, looking up, saw the fish and knew the means of kill. Several in the ship were fishing for sharks or other parts of the sea, they cared no life and fed the iron hook made within the boat.

Quick that help was so near—lately a lone devil fathoms up—and yet so far from the two men in diving suits who lay facing death

at the hands of the creature who had pursued them from the utter depths of the Atlantic!

But that bait, thrown overhead by enemies who would never learn the truth of the situation, had its use. Following it were two sharks, each eager to snarl and bat with the snapping jaws. They slung their way through the depths until they came to the hovering fish-man; and then they stopped, snarling round, and seemed to hesitate.

The fish-men were too intent on their own guns to notice the sharks. There were other fish in the vicinity, a turbot that shot between the two men and Devilman like a streak of brown and white. The sharks lay motionless on the fish-man, waiting; and then they dove and turned over.

One fish-man was out in half as the first shark closed its jaws over his body. Another fled in terror, but he had not gone more than a dozen strides before the second shark caught him. Sometimes, and terrible was the scene. The sharks snarled, their great jaws closed; and then they rose leaving their prey in their jaws.

But the fish-men had dealt with sharks and knew their weakness. They panned at

SCIENCE FOILS THIEVES

Invisible Eye to Check the Smash-and-Grab Raider

NOT content merely with the detection of wrong-doers, Science has now turned its attention to the prevention of crime and produced a device which is going to do much towards curbing the activities of smash-and-grab raiders.

This new crime preventer is electrically controlled, and part of the system consists of a photo-electric cell which projects an invisible "photo-eye" beam "right across the window of a shop.



The "photo-eye" beam, shown in the window, has been proven through the invisible ray.

As soon as a raider smashes the window this kind of reticulate rays is broken and a steel spring shutter automatically flies forward and covers the contents of the window.

Then a shrill siren goes off, warning the shop assistants, and, furthermore, the display train (in the case of a grocer's shop) disappears from sight by means of a collapsible mechanism, and are also covered by a steel shutter.

As the cost of equipping an average shop with this apparatus is only from £150 to £200, the device stands a very good chance of being put into large scale use.

once—then Devilman fought the other prey he was after in the challenge to his forces. He rose to meet one of the sharks and struck with all his might at the white throat. The shark seemed to shudder as his armor laid caught it and tore the flesh downward. The wound opened and blood poured out; but Devilman was not loath to throw his legs over its back as if it were a horse, while his hands still held its throat.

The sea became crimson, and waves of froth dotted out the light in which the black fish-man panned.

Stannum signalled to Kells to take advantage of the struggle. They rose from the sand and sped forward, pressing against the current like steamrollers.

Their momentum was slow, however, and they hardly hoped to escape. They had not gone far when they saw, with a backward glance, that the fight was over. The shark had been dispatched and its carcass floated in the red-streaked water; and the second shark, too, was dead, and lay on its side, still heaving, not far from its mate. Devilman was shaking his head and his hands on the top of his head, his face in the line of his forehead.

Stannum gripped Kells' arm and pointed frantically towards a mass of weed that rose from the bed of the sea, near where they lay. It was one of many big clumps of submarine growth, the beginning of a forest that grew thick in the distance. Into the center of the clump the two stepped, drawing the left hands over them so that they were completely hidden.

Devilman rose up and down, then circled as before, his fish-man spreading out legs in the hunt. Some came to the ground and crouched, peering this way and that, but the connection in the water caused by the light had not yet settled, and there was no more reason for the crouching forms.

Sharks can smell blood from a great distance. They are, however, because of the countless langes that follow them, and the fish-men knew that the killing of the two tigers of the sea would bring others in the spot.

The bodies of the dead sharks were floating upward to the surface slowly, leaving crimson trails. Peering from the waving fronds of weed Stannum and Kells saw the attack coming. A pink one came to the "photo-eye" shark as silent as the specter. It made straight for one of the corners; and through the grey water others arrived, until more than a score were in the vicinity.

It was then that the fish-men used strategy. One after another, without a movement betraying them, they wrote along, they dropped slowly to the bottom, descending softly and never making a ripple of a bubble. Devil men, too, stopped his movements and remained stiff and erect as a statue.

One fish-man landed in the clump of weed on which the two men sheltered. He was not aware of their presence until the hands of Stannum and Kells gripped him and held him, but his mouth opened, possibly to give the alert. Kells's revolver pressed into his side and exploded. A slight and no more upward. The fish-man collapsed at their feet.

Stannum held him for a moment, peering out, then let the body go. It rose slowly, lightly, and a shark that was swimming on the outside of the strong dashed down and carried it off.

But the shark had betrayed the armor of the men's concealment. Devilman had caught the better of his fish-man's form, for he lay still on the ground, and his eyes became fixed on the clump of weed.

Was he speaking to his fish-man? Stannum and Kells could not tell, but they watched, and they saw that every fish-man was moving, as such at a time, so slowly that it was difficult to believe they moved at all. Gradually every fish-man's head rose toward, and every fish-man's eyes sought the clump of weed and their great mate there.

The feelings of the two men may be (dread as at first of most part)

MAILS BY ROCKET

The Rocket Post is flying in Austria and Germany, and setting up new records for postal transport. This special article tells you how the Rocket Post is operated, and something of its history

careful calculations are made before each flight, so that there is not the slightest hitch about its arrival at the destined destination.

By constructing larger rockets, or by narrowing the launching angle so that the rocket will not travel so high, much longer flights than the present ones would be quite possible.

Rocket Details

MUCH careful thought has been put into the construction of post-carrying rockets. The case of the rocket is made from this latest sheeting with an asbestos lining inside, and at the end of it is a lacquer-covered firing chamber from which the gas escapes by rushing through the blast pipe in the tail.

This escape of gas heats the rocket on inside by the principle of recoil, which, as everyone knows, provides the "kick" when a gun is fired.

The pressure of gas forces it to seek to escape to the outer air. This it does by means of the blast pipe, but in the process it drives the rocket swiftly forward.

Anything up to a thousand letters can at present be carried by the Austrian rockets.

The History of Rocket Mail

THE first piece of mail ever to be carried by a rocket actually travelled no distance horizontally.

It was in the nature of an experiment, and was sent up vertically from Döbruggen, near Osnabrück, in Germany, by Reinhold Tiling, a German rocketeer, on April 28, 1934.

It carried 128 postcards, and the rocket attained a height of 1,300 metres, landing near the place of start. The cards were accepted and undisturbed by the post office.

Her Tiling was unfortunately killed by an explosion of one of his rockets in 1935.

The first real rocket post came into being in Graz, in Austria, when cards were flown

by rocket from the summit of mountains in places in the valley by Tyrol's Silvaredo; and in September, 1935, a rocket mail service was opened for general posting. Private stamps, printed on a hand press, were issued.

The rocket post has been operating from various parts of Austria since that time.

In 1935 a German rocketeer, Herr Gerhard Zacher, also carried out a rocket post flight over the Harz Mountains, transporting 425 letters.

Experiments have continued in Germany, and in this year a special flight was made on behalf of the German Winter Relief without reduplicate by the post office.

Forerunner of the Space Ship

IN spite of all this, however, the rocket post is still only in an experimental stage, and some time may elapse before it becomes a recognized form of postal transport.



But there is undoubtedly a great future in the rocket post, for it is the speediest form of locomotion yet discovered, and before long rocket travel may be flying from country to country, across oceans and rivers, over mountains and valleys, and through the upper atmosphere.

Maybe, too, the rocket post will be the forerunner of that glorious vision of the future—the space ship.



Here, further, the German rocketeer Reinhold Tiling, and here he is holding one of his first carrying rockets.

The Rocket Post

"ROCKET Mail" stamps on sale! It hardly seems true, but that is the case. You could be bought as cheaply as five shillings each at the recent International Air Post Exhibition in London.

So definitely have the world's first rocket mail stamps proved themselves that postal authorities have willingly issued special stamps for use on letters travelling in the future mail-carrier post.

Scheduled rocket flights are now taking place between Stöckel and Radstadt, near Graz, in Austria. With anything from 200 to 300 letters in a sealed container on board, the rocket is loaded with a special mixture of charcoal and nitrate powder, and is then fired from the earth at an angle of about 55 degrees.

Its rapid, high-soaring flight continues until the fuel is exhausted, when a parachute opens automatically and drifts the mail rocket back to earth—at the destined spot.

The invention of the rocket known by experimenters as how the first rocket will fly, and

Continued . . .

DEVILMAN of the DEEP

laughed. They knew they were doomed, yet they must not move. The sharks were there, and the fish men were there, and it was impossible to say which were the more ferocious. But Stenhouse seized his gun in his palm clutch that kept the water from the mechanism and aimed straight at Devilman. The next instant he loosed the gun in amazement.

For, from behind the swirl of the sharks' tails other shapes came into view. The sight was Stenhouse and Kells' gun.

For once, and not black, like Devilman's, but white, white, were known as Sea-Flights' troops, swimming fear deep in military formation with the precision of disciplined units! And at the head of them appeared from them by the length of a row, were the three leaders; and the centre one was Sea-Flight himself!

They swam down, bending in a graceful curve in propeller head, and landed between the two men and Devilman's feet. One was the Prince of the Submarine world had come to the help of the Reithman and was readying them for their end.

* FAREWELL TO THE DEEP

BEFORE Devilman reached the surface, a heavy sea of his black fellows had been held prisoner. Only Devilman himself remained free from attack.

He rose slowly from the sea bed until his full height could be seen, and as he rose the troops of Sea-Flight drew back with their prisoners, each black clumped firmly by hand and foot, and continued to follow. The movement of the rebels had been caught, and only Devilman remained without a hand upon him, but Sea-Flight's troops were strong; he was known to be a coward, a silent circle that waited for the word to take him.

He knew he had had come. The eagerness to his angry face changed from surprise to rage, then to fear. His eyes glowed swiftly in every direction, seeking a loop hole. There was none. He stood there waiting for the advance of the last fish man, but no fishman advanced. They remained where they were, every one with water round neck peering at him like an angry weapon.

Were they communicating with Devilman?

Stenhouse and Kells believed that something was passing between Sea-Flight and his. Was it a demand for surrender, an attempt by Devilman to get the best terms he could a bargain for his life?

They could not tell, but they saw at last that Devilman dropped suddenly to his knees, kneeling forward again, gathering himself together, and then he loomed and strengthened like an angry and man.

He went up like a torpedo, and as he shot from the bottom of the sea Sea-Flight shot too, and with him his troops in a cloud of shrapnel, weapons that turned the sea into a miniature battlefield. But, standing where they stood, none the fish men who held their prisoners firmly, taking no part in the pursuit.

If Devilman had the strength, his force had the agility. He thrived the water as he swam, but so thorough could keep the tail bit men from him. They met him, swam above him, and found him by numbers back to the bottom of the sea. He reached the ground lightly with his feet, springing again, dove, turned out his hands to catch a foe, but was caught one.

Down he ever again, and this time he did not rise, for Sea-Flight was waiting for

Back to the World of Men

him, and flung himself forward in a great clutch, and in a single instant, and caught him in a stronghold, bearing him to the ground.

The fishman closed in from all sides as that Stammer and Kells did not see what took place within that terrible circle of battle. The bed of the sea seemed to rise in waves, and and clouds of dark frosted curtains flung upward, and when at last the water closed, there was Davidson lying limp and motionless on the ground with fish men beside him as valiant as beside a body from which life has just passed.

Sea-Flight remained on water again from the neck of the monster and rose to his feet, moving gently towards the clump of weed that hid the two men. They stepped out as he approached.

He made a gesture of greeting, then signalled to stand, and fishmen who swim towards them. He pointed towards the distant sea, and word intelligently; then held out his hand to Stammer.

But the latter staggered and would have fallen had not Sea-Flight steadied him. Kells too was feeling very weak. They had already been so long in the diving suit that their oxygen supply was nearly exhausted. The first symptoms of oxygen shortage that dread of all divers are beginning to show. Their ears drummed, their heads felt as if hammers were beating on their brains. A general lassitude pervaded their limbs and being.

Sea-Flight passed through their lass glances and saw that something was amiss. Luckily he caught at Stammer's arm, signalled to a fishman to find a boat and in a few minutes fish men held him, another signal was given.

Reaching the shore, the fish men rose and moved forward towards the forms.

Stammer and Kells felt themselves being carried onward rapidly, over the floating submarine growth through which they could never have passed by their own efforts. They were conscious in a vague way of children moving above them, of fish of all kinds swimming round them, of the water becoming gradually lighter.

In time they felt the roll of waves, the hum of a great craft, and the nervous motion of a harbour dock. Then they felt themselves being dragged over rough places and laid down on hard surfaces. Their faces grew more ashen, and the rush of pure air from their noses away for a moment, the rest of a setting sun made them close their eyes wearily.

How long they lay they did not know. Stammer was the first to recover possession of his wits. He dragged himself to a sitting posture and looked around.

"Kells!" he shouted weakly. "Kells!"

Kells answered from far away, and Stammer noticed his companion's helmet and tapped his face and clapped his hands to his head with the conviction.

"Where are we?" asked Kells when he was at last able to speak.

"On land! Back to Mother Earth! Can you look around? Can you sit up?"

With difficulty Kells moved himself. He saw they were lying on racks with the eels of the corner diving and sweeping to them. Behind them were drifts and above the cliffs were men groaning and groat. The sea was dipping on the horizon, sending a flood of warm light across the scene.

From the deep water where the waves were washing came a voice that called them to diving again.

"You are well now, my friends? I feared you were dead when we laid you there."

Saw Flight, Prince of the darkness under the sea, was swinging on the wall that barred and muffled haze and beside him the two men saw the half submerged bodies of his fish men.

"Sea-Flight!" cried Stammer. "Where are you?"

Sea-Flight caught at a rock and clambered towards them.

"I do not know. I have never been to the upper world before. I cannot stop."

He was hesitating with diffidence, and his finger and body seemed to be divided and bent in pain.

"I wanted to see if you recovered," he said, hesitatingly. "Now I must go. It is death to me if I remain. Already I have suffered and my kelpmen need me."

He waved his hand, unable to approach them. It was a feeble effort, the effort of a very sick man, something like the flapping of a fish's fin when it has been landed from its native element. His legs crumpled under him. He staggered towards the deep water.

"Stammer, our signal, Prince!" cried Stammer. "I shall send a message by the kelpmen."

Again the halibut was raised. It looked like a rose of seaweed; and then Sea-Flight plunged into the surf and was gone.

* THE LAST OF DEVILMAN

THE two men sat at the edge of the sea, looking for another signal. There was no sign that they had wanted to talk about with this strange dweller of the unknown depths.

But the waves dashed on the rocks and the swell swung up and down evenly. Nothing was to be seen on the whole expanse except the distant shadow of a ship that kept towards the land far down the coast. And then the sea dropped below the sea line and darkness came with tropic persistence.

For some time neither Stammer nor Kells spoke. They were terrible tired, but they sat motionless at the edge of the dark water, unable to move, unable to sleep.

"It was his little fish in the straits."

"I think we'd better not go out there to-night," Stammer said. "We are in South America, but that is a big place, and Abel Cornwall may be waiting for us in Montevideo."

The words brought Stammer's mind back to the situation. He sighed and rose to his feet and began to pull off his diving suit.

"We'd better go, these things here and come back for their later," he said. "We cannot be seen in helmets and rubber clothes or people."

He slipped off a moment. "People!" They were back on land again. "People!" And hence. And the comfort of humanity which they had almost forgotten.

"We ought to be in Uruguay somewhere," went on Stammer. "Let us dress the girls and see if we can get a house. Kells! What about this flare tube? Shall we leave it here?"

"Curry as little as we can. Our first need is for clothes and food. We shall come back for these things. But as I had better take our precious flares with me."

They left their diving suits on a shelf of rock after covering their necks with hoodies to keep them from the possibility of the rising tide. They moved to the top of the cliffs.

They entered a plain and there was a flash. In the distance a light twinkled. It was the light of a ranch.

They walked softly towards it and entered the gate of a paddock and found a door at the dwelling place. It was opened by a tall man in a waistcoat to their knock.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he asked in English.

"Will you tell us where we are, and whether we may get some food?"

"I can tell you where you are," came the answer as the man lifted a lantern and turned it on the pair. "You are within twenty miles of Montevideo—here! What sort of people are you?"

No wonder the rancher asked the question, for the two presented a strange appearance. Without their heavy diving boots, they had white shirts, short black stockings. They had no hats, and their clothes were in tatters and stained to many hues.

"If it wasn't that you were Britishers," said the man grudging, unlocking a gun from

behind the door. "I'd believe you were trying some sort of bad sport."

"I'll tell you who we are," said Stammer eagerly. "I am Mark Stammer, and this is Abel Kells. We are seamen, and we have just returned from an expedition and many adventures, which I cannot relate just now."

"Stammer?" Kells' say are you the two ships the British Consul has been having about, from a merchant called Cornwell?"

"Cornwall?" Then he had reached Montevideo!" cried Kells eagerly.

"Come in," said the rancher quickly.

"I'm British, too. We can talk better indoors."

So as they went, and in an hour they were seated, clad in clothes borrowed from the rancher, at a table on which food was placed which tasted like the food of the gods to the two seamen.

They were told by this Britisher who owned the estate that Abel Cornwall had arrived at the house of the British Consul with a tale that sounded like the fabrication of a liar. The British Consul had reported it to some friends in a club in Montevideo, of whom the rancher was one. Every body believed that Cornwall was crazy, and there was talk of shipping him to England, but for the fact that he insisted that his tale was true, and had shown some wonderful powers since in proof.

"How long will it take us to get to Montevideo?" asked Stammer. "We must see the Consul and substantiate Cornwall's story."

"You can drive into Montevideo in the morning," the rancher said. "But you can speak to the Consul at this stage. I have a letter for him, the rancher said."

Five minutes after the Consul was standing from the other end of the line, and he said he would come out at once and bring Cornwall with him, and for the remainder of the night the Consul and the rancher sat down to the strange tale they had ever heard.

At last the rancher and Kells and Stammer were told that they were going to sleep for twenty-four hours, and wished to have a dinner to find themselves again on land and among friends.

The following day they retrieved their diving suits and the flare tube, and the Consul looked their guest story in his own safe suit they could be taken by experts.

"It all seemed so curious and unbelievable," said the Consul to the three adventurers as they sat at breakfast. "You see, the case of your men was indeed true by a boat that had perished there. They were in open boats, and could not explain why their ships went down. They told us that you three had submerged in your diving gear, and you were given up for lost."

"What happened to the crew?" asked Stammer. "As I am nearly responsible for the voyage."

"Every man was picked up," interrupted the Consul. "They were taken to England as shipwrecked seamen. At first, when Cornwall came to me, I wanted his story as a ballad, but, just as did the ships, was picked him up. But there were points in it that I had determined to test. Here and he came to be on the surface of the sea in diving dress! And then, again, he mentioned about having heard the sailors' story."

"You are sure that as soon as we can charter a craft," said Kells. "We have a signal to make, however we, Stammer."

So it was arranged that the next day a special boat was to be secured and the trip made. The Consul came, and the rancher, and a crew of picked men, who were told that the trip was a work of art.

Cornwall met the crew and kept the look-out. They were just over a hundred miles from the point when the order was given to start slowly.

The boat was found, half drifted, a blacked filled with sea. The end of the cable was

secured and the signal given, a few long hours passed.

For a while there was no reply, and then there began to disappear, but on length there came on the cable three distinct pips, then three more.

"That is the signal!" cried Stevenson, but Cornwall had been watching the line closely and given a shout.

"I have seen the signal in fact myself!" he cried. "It was in fact up something else!"

There was no doubting the signal for the haul, and Stevenson pressed the screw for when where the signal would have the ship's men hauling on the line to make the signal through three miles of cable.

It was a difficult task to get a purchase on the cable, but with the aid of the winch and the engine it was made. The work was given, the derrick was splintered and killed, and the cable began to rise.

For hours the engine worked pulling up a weight that was a strain on the cable, for it was the cable on which the gondola had been lowered. Up it came, slowly at first, then with increasing ease.

The top of the pulley appeared. It was raised and hauled to the deck, clapping with noise. Its axle had been raised and bolted properly.

Cornwall was the first to peer through the thick glass into the interior.

"Mr. Stevenson," he cried in a shaking voice, "look in there!"

Everybody crowded round, speechless with surprise and amazement.

Kells flung his tongue.

"There is proof of our story," he said solemnly, "and it is a specimen that any natural history museum will be glad to have. I think Remington is its proper destination."

Inside the gondola was the massive body of the Devonian, hollow, and yet terrible in death, still more monstrous and repulsive now that it was seen in the light of day.

Stevenson jerked the cord of communication.

From below came answering pips, messages of greeting and farewell.

Then there came a long silence.

The line went away to its anchor. There was no answering pip, no response.

It was hailed up minutely. Communication with the strange world of fables was severed.

Would human beings ever again go down into the depths of the sea and meet the Brothers of the Deep? Would there be a link between the Silurian and Eocene world, a common cause and unity-today?

For the moment Stevenson, Kells and Cornwall were content that they had penetrated the mysteries of the unknown and had been the pioneers in a direction that had up till then defied scientific knowledge and effort.

THE END

BRICKS without STRAW

THE introduction of a new type of brick, which can be made without straw or clay, bids fair to revolutionize the building trade.

The bricks, created by two Englishmen, are made of a special cement, resplendent in the form of a double letter "B," and are four times the size of the ordinary type.

They interlock, and can be used in the construction of any part of a building, including the floor and ceiling. They possess double ventilation facilities which, giving resistance to damp and dry rot, also maintain an even temperature in all climates.

Twelve bricks only are needed for the construction, compared with five weeks for the old clay and straw type. Brickmaking time and labour will be cut by 70 per cent., and the cost of mortar and cement by 60 per cent.

World-wide interest has been aroused, and the demand for the new brick is daily increasing.

A Free I.C.S. Booklet That Concerns Your Future

Most young men, it has been said, are not well fitted for their jobs. That is why they are not promoted and why many are discharged when business is slack. The young man should make himself too big for his present job—outgrow it. If he does, promotion and better pay will follow.

There is only one way to do that, the way of spare-time specialized vocational training. The International Correspondence Schools, creative powers of nation by post, have been giving such training for 41 years and have enabled more than 4,000,000 students, hundreds of thousands of whom have won substantial success.

This booklet is comprehensive. It explains the I.C.S. method in detail, and gives brief particulars of all I.C.S. Standard Courses, covering practically every branch of commerce and industry and many professions. Twenty-four other I.C.S. booklets, each dealing with one group of Courses, contain everything the ambitious man would wish to know about the particular Course or Courses that meet his individual needs.

Our 25 booklets, averaging 54 pages each, are entitled as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| I.C.S. Courses of Instruction | Radio |
| Advertising | Railway Equipment and Running |
| Aeronautical Engineering | Salubrity and Sanitation |
| Agriculture | Window Dressing |
| Architecture and Building | Scientific Management |
| Art for Commercial Use | The Service (Civil, etc.) |
| Chemical Engineering | Textile Manufacturing |
| Commercial Training | Woodworking |
| Civil Engineering | |

(These booklets describe the proprietary Courses for the national examinations.)
If you wish to outgrow your present job, to make a real success of your life, write for any one (or more) of our booklets. It is free. So also is our expert advice on any matter relative to your career.

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,
DEPT. 248, INTERNATIONAL BUILDINGS, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

When writing to advertisers please mention "Scoops."

BE TALL

Your height is almost in 14 days. In every body! The amazing discovery.

Write now for the 24 pages booklet, also "How" and "Why" a reliable Health Centre and Bureau and Proprietary Course booklet. With each system. Get results by B. L. D. or L. D. M. (Group) from home with booklet and guarantee to this world's highest. Write now!

HYPERBOLIC SYSTEM (B.L.D. & L.D.M.)
21, Dean Street, London, W.1.

JACK HOBBS RECORD CENTURY MAKER

tells you how to make big scores, take many wickets, and be a brilliant fieldersman in the book he has specially written for you, entitled

CRICKET FOR BEGINNERS

Contents include: Defensive Batting. Hard Hitting. Batting Secrets. Practice. Bowling. Fielding. Wicket-Keeping. Captaincy. General Hints. How to Form a Cricket Club. Etc.

2/-

Obtainable from all newspapers, bookstalls and bookellers, or post free for 2/3 from The Book Publisher (S), 18, Bowditch St., London, W.C.2.

IDEAS That Save TIME And MONEY

There is a further pleasure of ideas sent in by our readers. If you have an idea that will be useful to others, here it can reach. While your idea stays on a page of paper as a proposal, with a rough diagram of working and need it is in place. In 1933, 100,000 ideas were published in SCOPES each week, with our own ideas' requirements, and the idea will be paid in the amount of each idea used. Each week the idea will be awarded to the reader whose idea is judged best. The idea will receive the property of the reader, but no manuscript or drawing will be required. SCOPES will accept no responsibility for any claims arising from the publication of a reader's idea.

THOSE CROWDED POST-OFFICES

Glasgow readers are to the respective divisions of the Post-Office creative would prevent postmen and crowding and enable



people to be served one at a time as follows: **THE THAMES, London, S.W.18. Award of 2s. 6d.**

THE WIRELESS LICENCE

Those wireless sets are being manufactured. It would be a good idea to arrange to have a little drawer in the set where the licence could be kept so that it could be easily be produced when required. **F. Robinson, Wilbury, Award of 2s. 6d.**

HAIR-PINS FOR THE GARDEN

It is long been said for people, does not exist—simple and cheap method, and it would hold the hair-pins back, which has been used for the short hair cap. **Mrs. Gray, Brighton, Award of 2s. 6d.**



HOLDING THE SCREW

Remember it is impossible to hold a screw while you are using the screwdriver. If the screw is pushed through a piece of stiff brown paper and the ends of the paper held firmly over the handle of the screwdriver, the operation can be performed with ease. **D. Marshall, London, E. 14. Award of 2s. 6d.**

USING TOOTH PASTE TUBES AGAIN

Use the tooth paste tube that, remove the tin lining at the bottom and open the tube out. It can now be filled again with anything you wish, and the tin inserted on the end with a seal of plaster. **F. Gregory, Bournemouth-Windermere, Award of 2s. 6d.**

BE TALLER!



S. E. MALCOLM ROSS, Royal Specialist, Bournemouth, Eng.

CIRCULAR GLASS CUTTER

Here's a simple method of cutting glass in circular sheets.

Fix a rubber roller on the centre of the glass. Attach a piece of thread to the roller and to a glass cutter. Now, as long as the roller remains flat and the cutter straight, the glass can be cut vertically. **A. Bishop, Maccles, Award of 2s. 6d.**

OLD GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES

Old gramophone needles can be used for holding glass in windows or in picture frames. **S. Vassell, Parry, Award of 2s. 6d.**

THIS WEEK'S WINNING IDEA Springs for Cycle Forks



I have recently been struck by the fact that a bicycle has improving forks. These transmitting all road shocks to the handlebars. Spring forks would make too much weight on the idea as it is. The springing the front wheel after the style of the ancient shock. The top bar should be rigidly bolted to the fork. The lower bar is pivoted, and is free to move up and down. A compression spring is fixed between the bars. **A. Robinson, London, E. 10. Award of 2s. 6d.**

A NOVEL FILLING FUNNEL

Paint an empty one-gallon can with oil, preferably of the square type, cut off the top half, and solder a piece of tubing into the mouth. A handy petrol filler for the car. **A. M. White, Halesworth, Award of 2s. 6d.**

HOME-MADE BAGATELLE

A B&B made a Bagatelle Board from old materials, which I had with very little factually.

The board was of three ply, the edges five ply, and old gramophone needles served as the pins. For balls I used old bearings about half an inch in diameter. **O. Davis, Salford-in-Ripon, Award of 2s. 6d.**

UNLOADING THE BARRELS

Two barrels carrying truck could be unloaded by pulling out the block at A, and allowing the barrels to roll out from the



slope B. An improvement on the old way of carrying barrels. **R. Warburton, Newcastle, Award of 2s. 6d.**

KEEPING HACKSAW BLADES

Hacksaw blades quickly get bent or damaged if left about loose in the tool box. Why not keep them together with a small "loose leaf" notebook ring, inserted through the hole at one end of the blades, as illustrated. This would keep them in a safe position, and free from damage. **C. Menzies, Grimsby, Award of 2s. 6d.**



REMOVING A CORK

After a cork has been withdrawn from a tin, it gets brittle and subsequently expands, it is almost difficult to remove it again without marring up one's fingers.

A corker is inserted in the cork from the front and the top twisted round, a handle is provided, which works in a tin. **G. C. Gilman, near Cambridge, Award of 2s. 6d.**

INK FROM OLD PENCILS

Take a lead from old pieces of writing pencil when crushed and mixed with water makes a useful ink for marking, checking or engineering. **Edward G. Lane, Ripley, Staffs. Award of 2s. 6d.**

SAVING SHIPS' CROCKERY

On nearly every voyage where a ship accompanies rough water a great deal of crockery is broken. This could be prevented by turning



ing the crockery shelves into electric insulation, to which an iron bar on the bottom of the crockery would adhere. **G. Midgley, Bradford, Award of 2s. 6d.**

BETTER LIGHTING FOR COAL MINES

There is a workable idea which could be put into operation in any mine where electricity is not permitted at all.

In pits where workmen are used on 100 yards of coal face and more, there is more danger to the men than to any other miner, because of the big weight being lowered at one time and of the dust and light.

My idea is to light the pit by the same power that drives the coal-cutter. There is a big every yard along in long up the roof and every two yards a high power bulb could be fixed into these bars—valued in a set for safety.

This would give sufficient light and added safety in the mine. **A. Thompson, A. Miner from Wakefield, Award of 2s. 6d.**

